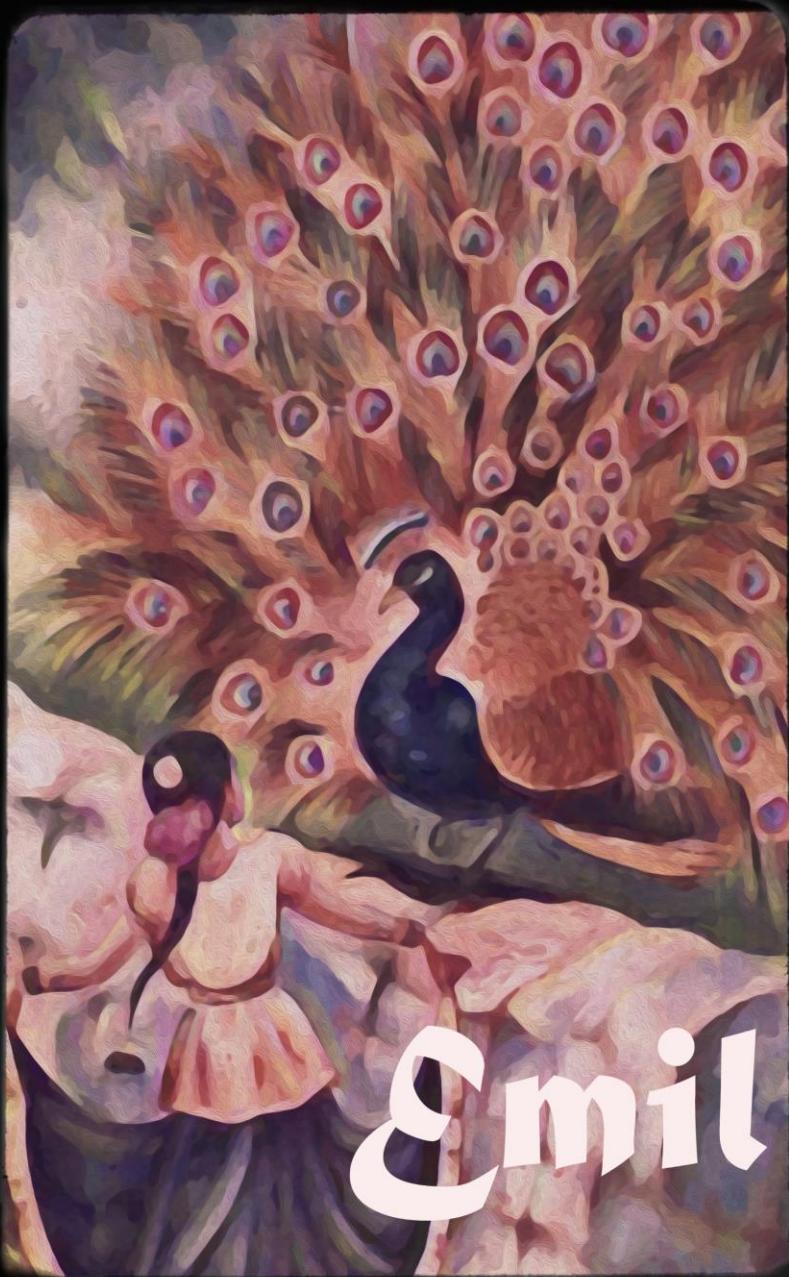


“And life Goes On...”



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Emil

THERE IS YET ANOTHER DAY DUE!

Emil wrote that he can still recall the Old Man's last words and he tells us that they were almost lost, misplaced and discarded as the fever dreams of one who had saw the future, who had so passionately forewarned so many but, who (in the end) failed to heed his very own council...and was swept away by the very demons that he preached so desperately to defeat.

He said that what he most specifically remembered was the cryptic nature to what he whispered in his last, remaining breathes...

“What was once shall be no more...”
Let's hope for everyone's sake that this does not apply to Emil's Fans as we need them to come buy this

book!

SEINE



Emil

THERE IS YET ANOTHER DAY DUE!

Campers!

It has truly been quite an eventful year and as our Chinese Friends used to curse; We do live in interesting times...

A time that is rather ugly and stark, hosting an unknown chance event that descended swiftly from out of black of night and which is still in the process of sorting out what may be a fat swatch of fleshy humanity since the War...

It wasn't zombies or aliens that wrought such evil down upon our heads but, a virus so small that you would be hard



Emil

THERE IS YET ANOTHER DAY DUE!

pressed to find with even the most powerful of microscopes.

But, strangely, this not what I originally planned (not at all) to share with you all this issue. It only starting to dawn on me while practicing the Zen of

Social Distancing - which seems to come rather natural given the true nature of how self-focused I have told that I am and which most swear is one of my better God given skill sets and super powers.

While not my intent but, none-the-less; it was much fortunate that I had elected to revisit my



Emil

THERE IS YET ANOTHER DAY DUE!

left over work in India from several years ago and that WWWG originally took a pass on for they referred to as “unpublishable” or was it merely that they lacked the future wisdom to see the true market for Temple Statue Porn.

NO...NO...NO!

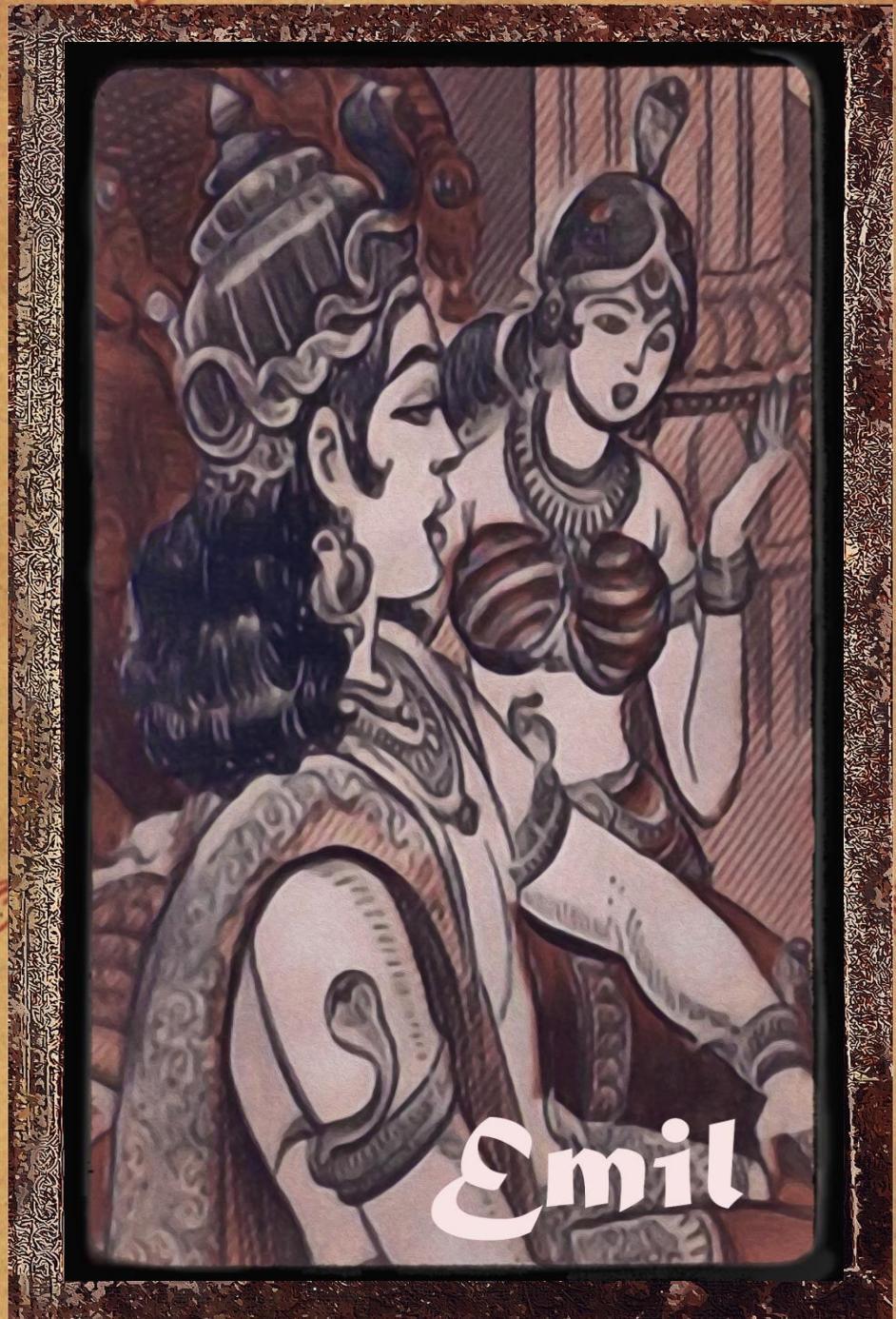
They still aren't that enlightened but, they took interest in the less risky work in that issue which harkens back to a better age when life was simpler but which was much harder and shorter life if we are being truthful.



Emil



Emil

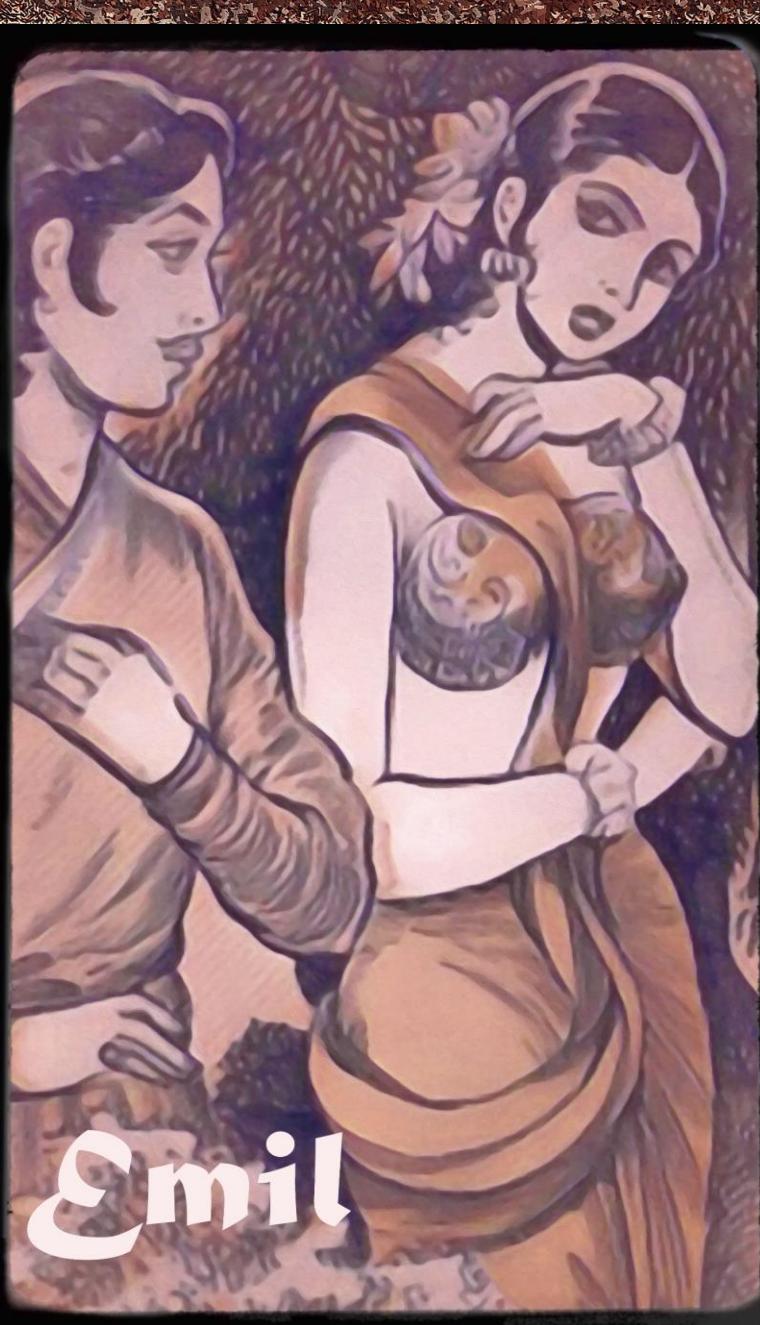


Emil



Emil





Emil



Emil

THINGS NOT MEANT TO BE...

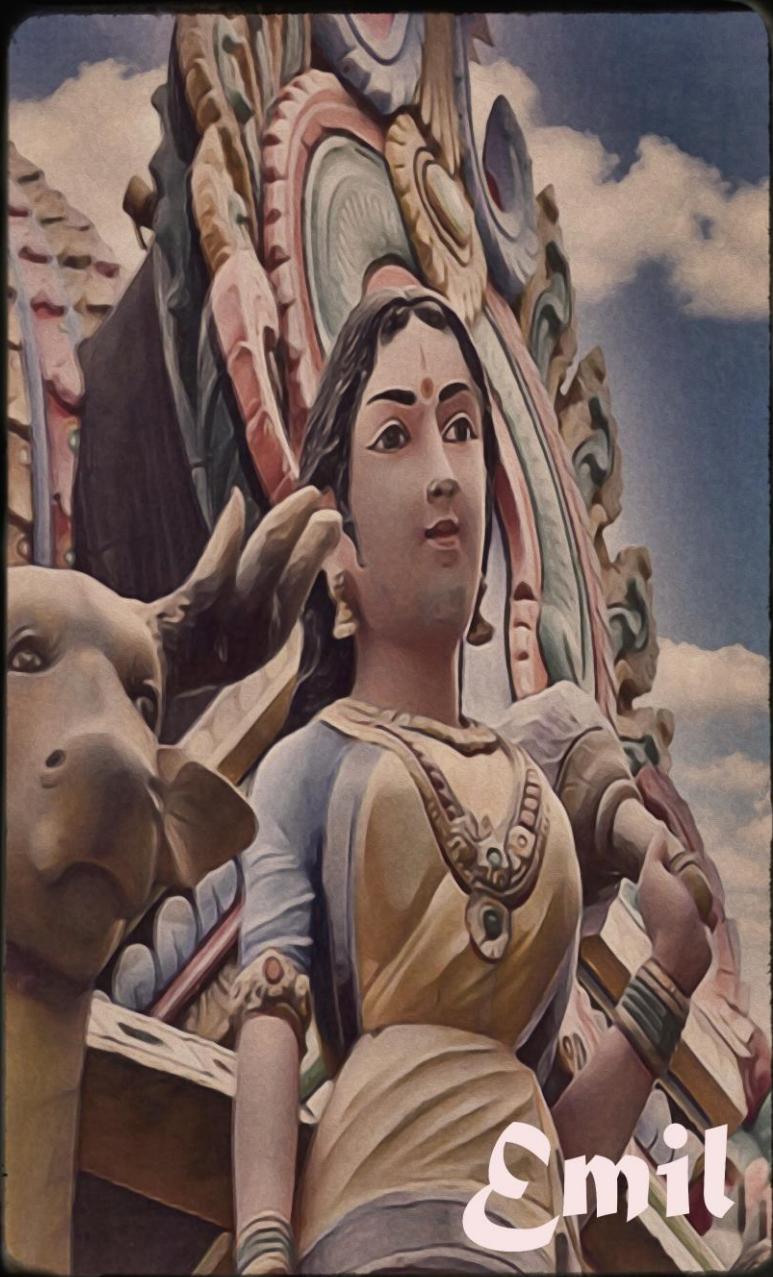
Hey Slim...help me gather them all together now, it is time to come sit here by the embers of tonight's spent fire and raise our cups...a solemn toast...

"That is the good stuff...
It's Cuban Rum???"

Right, Slim?

Thank you all for joining us here and equally for staying with us until so late into the early hours of the upcoming moments right before the dawn...

We had purposely drugged our feet for most of the night's gathering as to get us to what does seem like a most proper time and even, more so, a most fitting place for all of us to all come together, here on this hillside



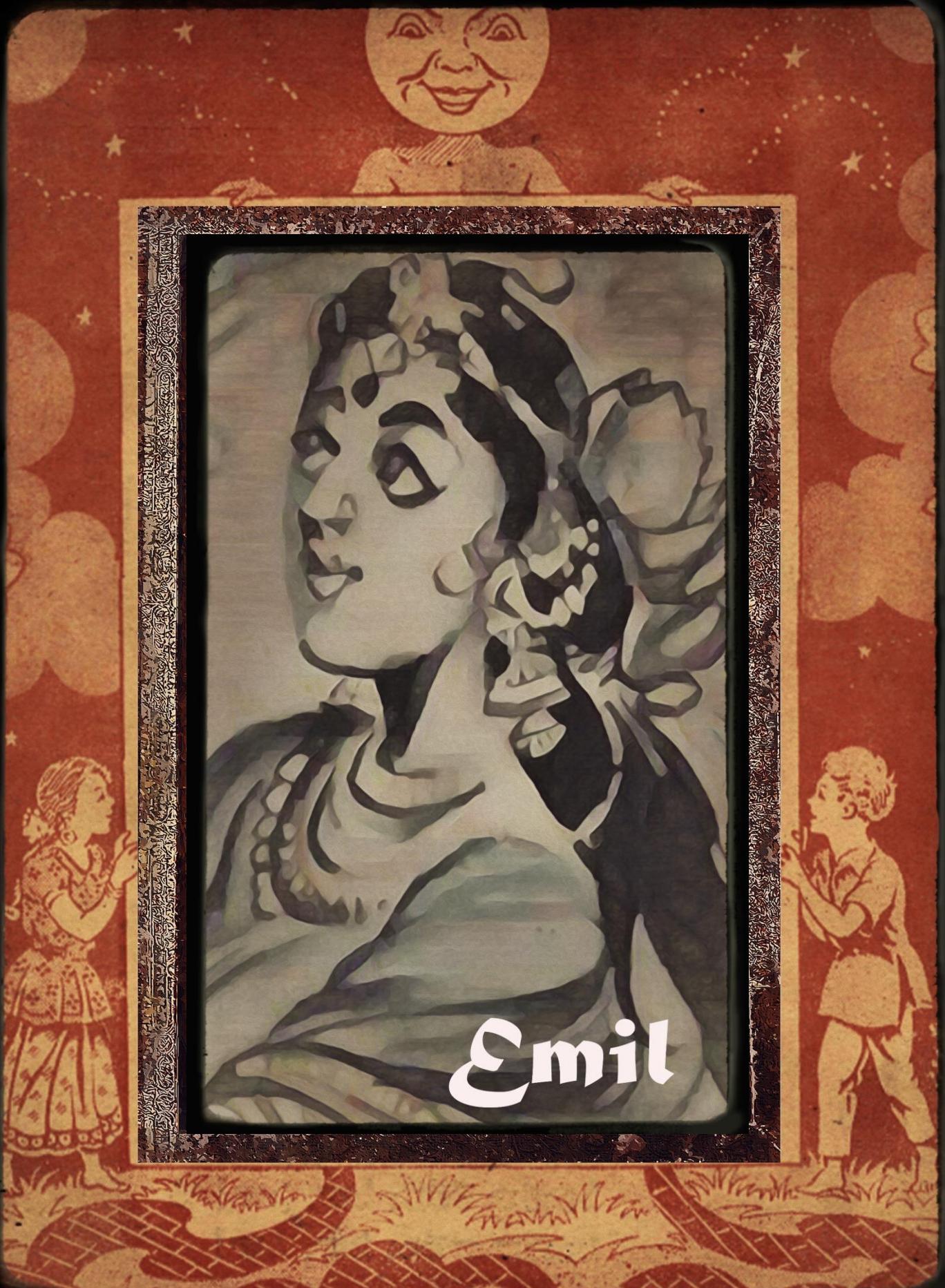
Emil

THINGS NOT MEANT TO BE...

overlooking the valley of mass graves filled with all of those that this passing viral plague took from us.

Collectively let us pledge upon this valley of the dead...let us promise, swear or affirm to being true in each of our numerous, our (in some cases) rather extensive laundry lists of resolutions; let us commit to, here-and-now, let us swear to achieving a better path forward and actually utilizing the grand second chance we have all been given.

Let us offer up to whatever just God we hold dear, to maybe, offer up to Old lady Luck or even to her evil, twin pit-bulls Karma and Time if you are so inclined; to



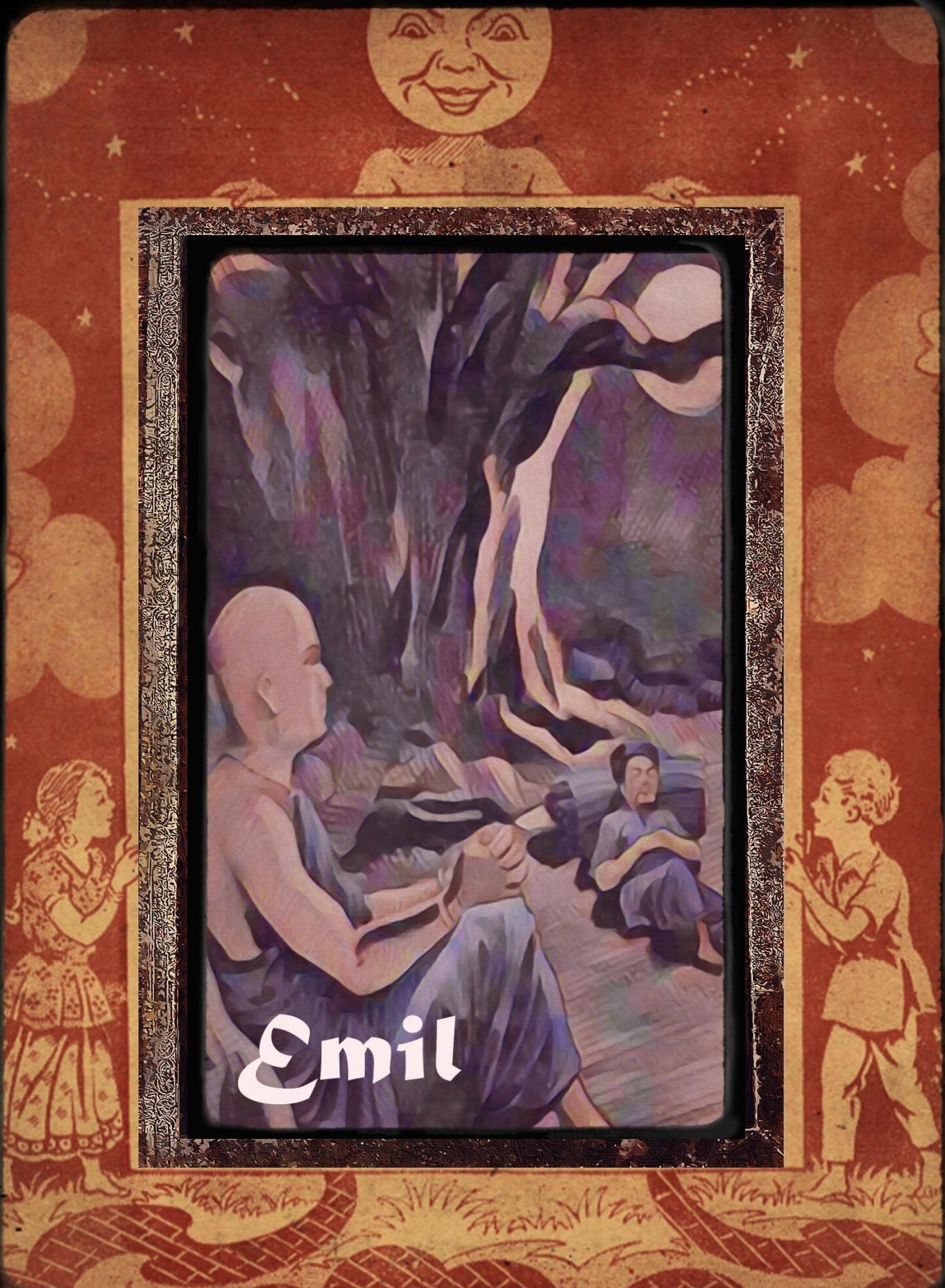
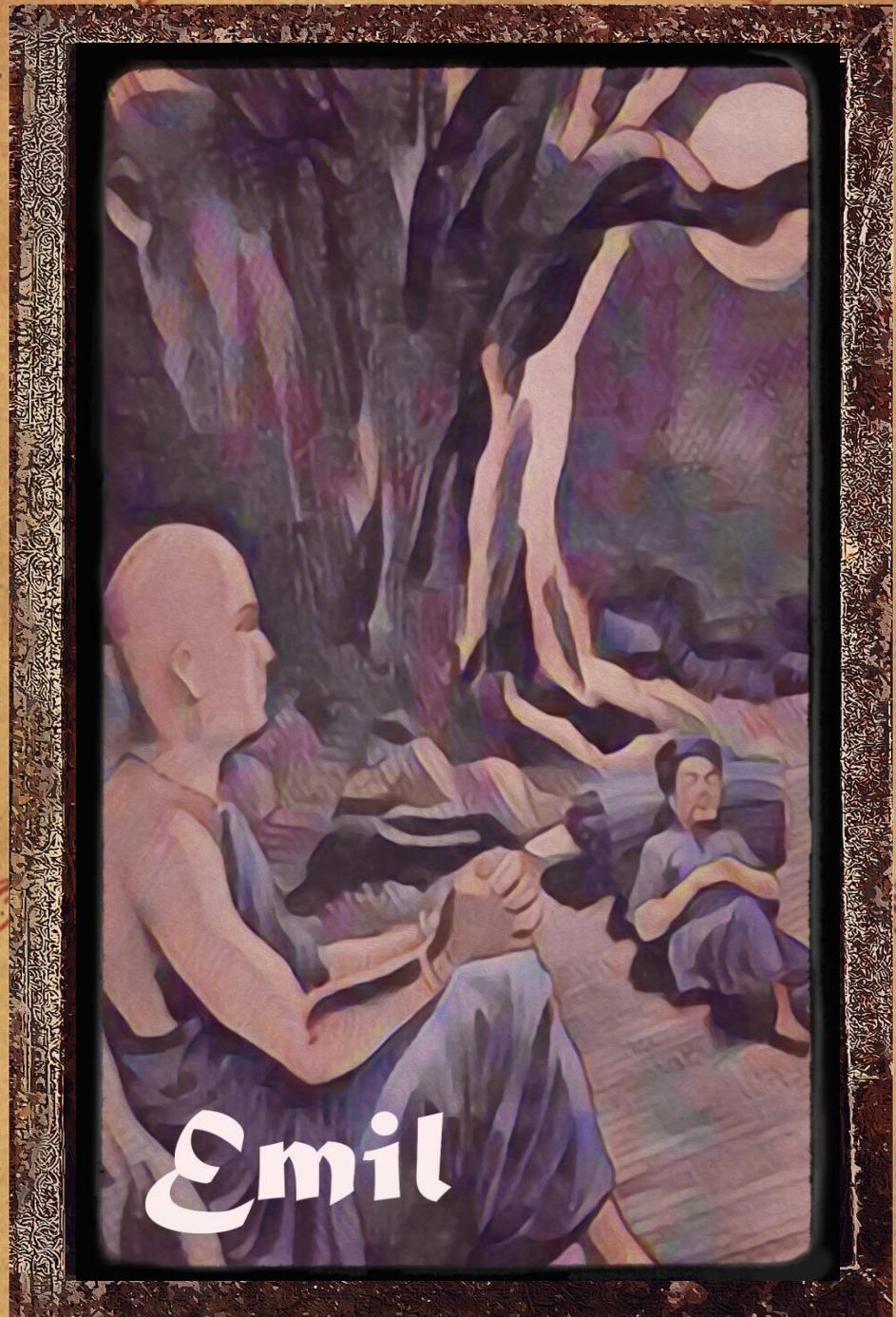
THINGS NOT MEANT TO BE...

straight-face, without a wink or crossed fingers, pledge for our commitment towards a whole series of new life changing resolutions...

We are not here to just merely reflect upon how we so lucked out when so many are missing from our ranks here tonight.

Now, let me freely offer and raise my cup to each, to all of those who were far better than us...to each of the fallen who so much more deserved to be sharing this toast rather this motley collection of all of social misfits and degenerates that we truly represent and who have gathered here tonight!

Hemingway seems to have finally



THINGS NOT MEANT TO BE...

got it right...

“THE SUN WILL ALSO RISE!”

As we stoically; as we all come to
collectively stand here silently...
together up here on this grassy
ridge overlooking an almost endless
sea of lost dreams, shattered
hopes, of all of the fractured
dreams that we still hold so dear
and as we look out beyond the
tombstones of the old world order
that we are leaving behind...as we
look out, off towards the distant
horizon, seeking out first contact
with the coming vanguard rays of
this dawn's rising sun; we do so not
in excepting all that has past nor to
blindly accept all that is with the
first dawn has to offer up to us.



Emil

THINGS NOT MEANT TO BE...

I can still recall the Old Man's last words that were almost lost, misplaced and discarded as the fever dreams of one who had saw the future, who had so passionately fore-warned so many assembled with us here tonight but, who (in the end) failed to heed his own council...and was swept away by the very demons that he preached so desperately to defeat.

I remember the cryptic nature to what he whispered in his last, remaining breathes...

“What was once shall be no more...”
Friends!

My fellow travelers and to each of you seasoned campers; believe me



Emil

THINGS NOT MEANT TO BE...

as I am here to tell you that there is a new dawn approaching and that we are to be the first generation to line up, right here, on this very ridge; here to see this new future parade pass us...

Will it come with a daring advance guard, with bands blaring and have the faithful...all of it's true believers following behind the treasure carts and baggage cars?

Will we chant along to its appealing...its pleasant-sounding mantra, will we fall in line and march with its faithful or shall we stand in unity and take a swipe at it as it passes.

I am torn, how about you...?

Trotsky once said...



THINGS NOT MEANT TO BE...

**“You can not change the world by
watching from the sidewalk as the
future marches by you...”**

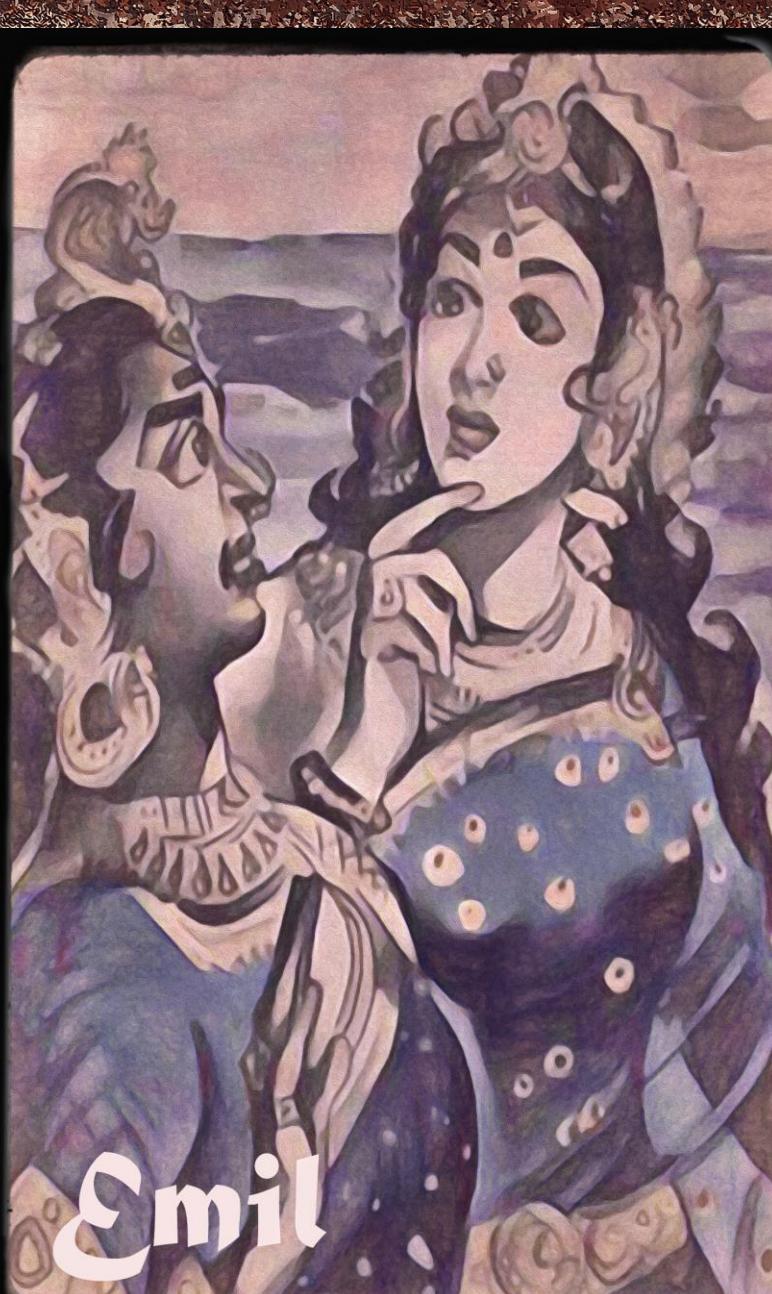
**He reminds us all that we must join
move forward in the march and
gleefully embrace the opportunities
as they do come our way...**

**He wrote that on the last page of
the letter he was writing when
Stalin’s Agents put an axe upside his
head...in his Mexico City Sanctuary.**

Go figure!

Did anyone bring popcorn?

**“Hey Slim, give me another cup of
the Cuban Rum!”**

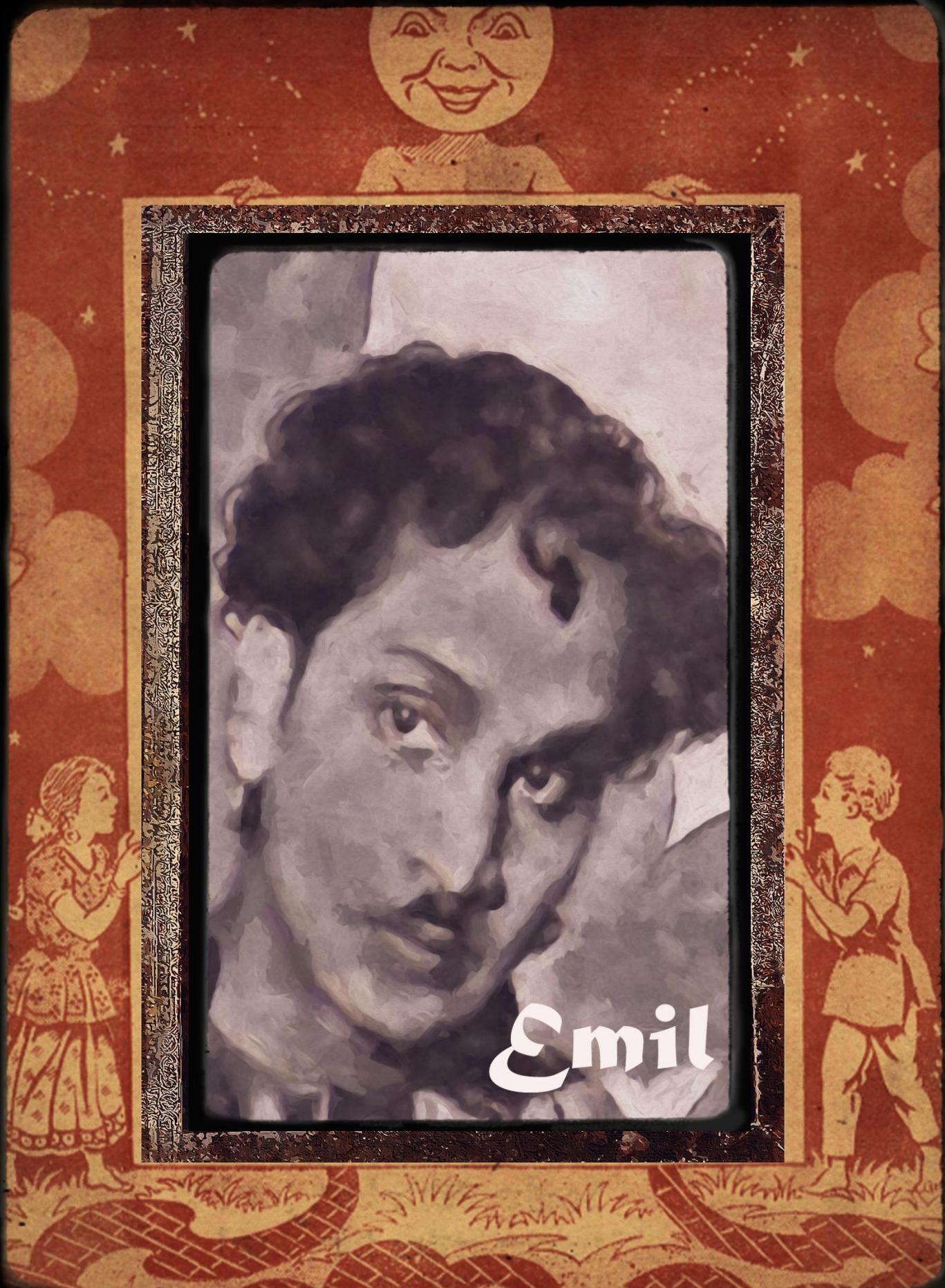


Emil

IN KHAJURAHO...ON THE CHEAP...

It has been long ten days of hobo traveling across the breath of Central Asia and half of India to come to rest here in Khajuraho with only a thousand rubies left to my name and as per my present status with Old Lady Luck, most of this one thousand rubies are in the form of 100 ruby notes, that shopkeepers, have rather rudely explained to me, they can no longer accept.

Seems the government has just decided to remove them from the market and they as well as those crook, money changers back at the border crossing, no one bothered to explain this simple change to me...especially when I exchanged my dinars and they handed me those eight new, mint fresh, 100



IN KHAJURAHO...ON THE CHEAP...

ruby notes and change.

Thank God...there was change!

Otherwise, I would be living in
some homeless shelter here in

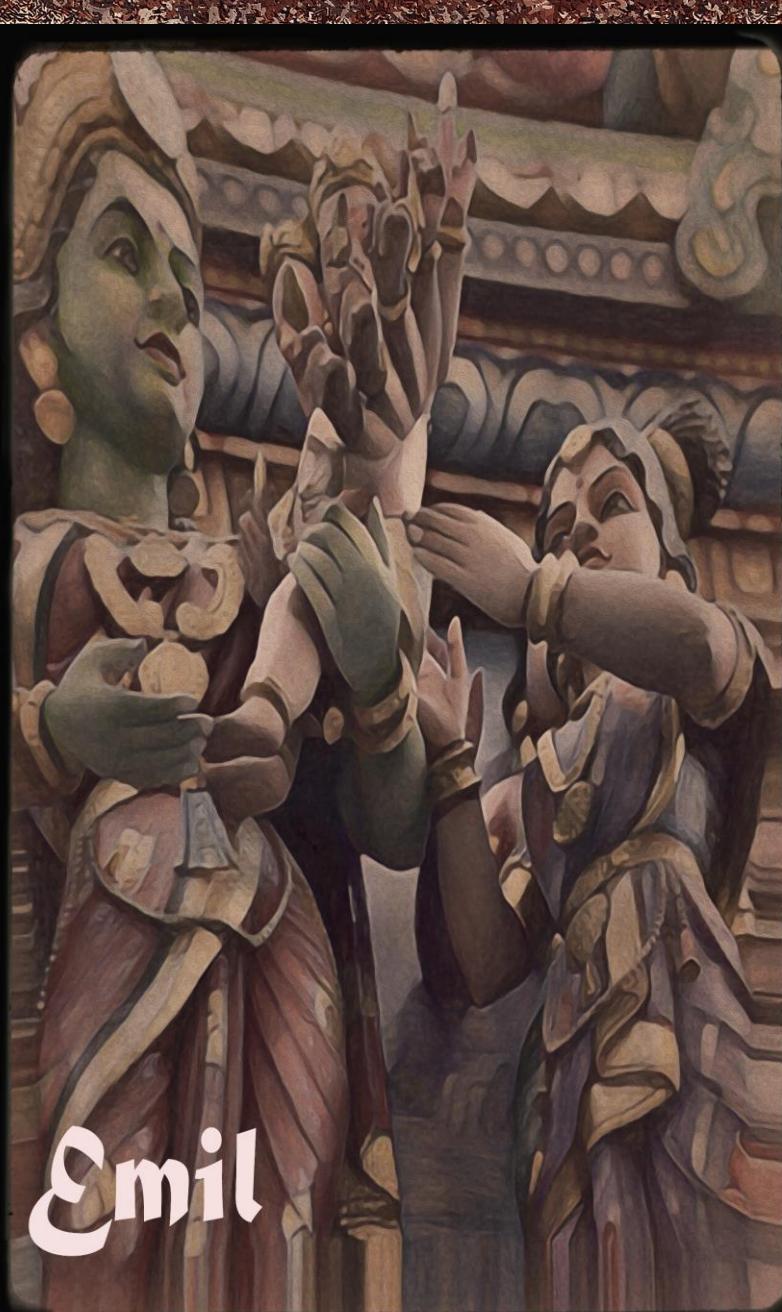
Khajuraho...

Do they have such a thing?

To be truthful, I want to never find
out!

This would be like you waking up
today and the Secretary of the
Treasury was on TV and he was
explaining to all of America that the
government had just outlawed ten
dollar bills.

Think about the chaos and panic
that would create...multiple by a
factor that there are over one
billion Indians, all of them with 100
ruby notes stashed in every piggy
bank, jacket pocket or stuffed in



Emil

IN KHAJURAHO...ON THE CHEAP...

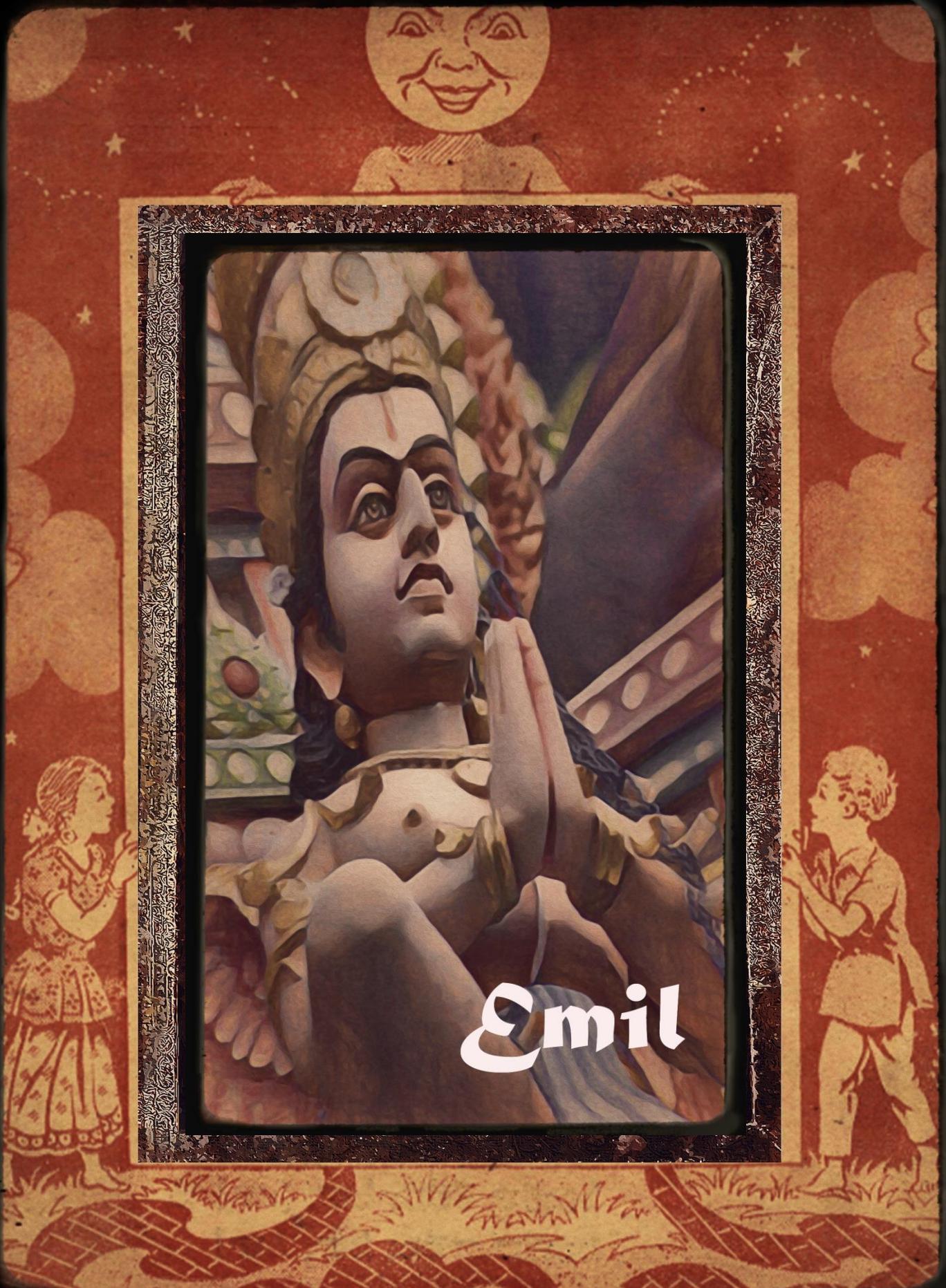
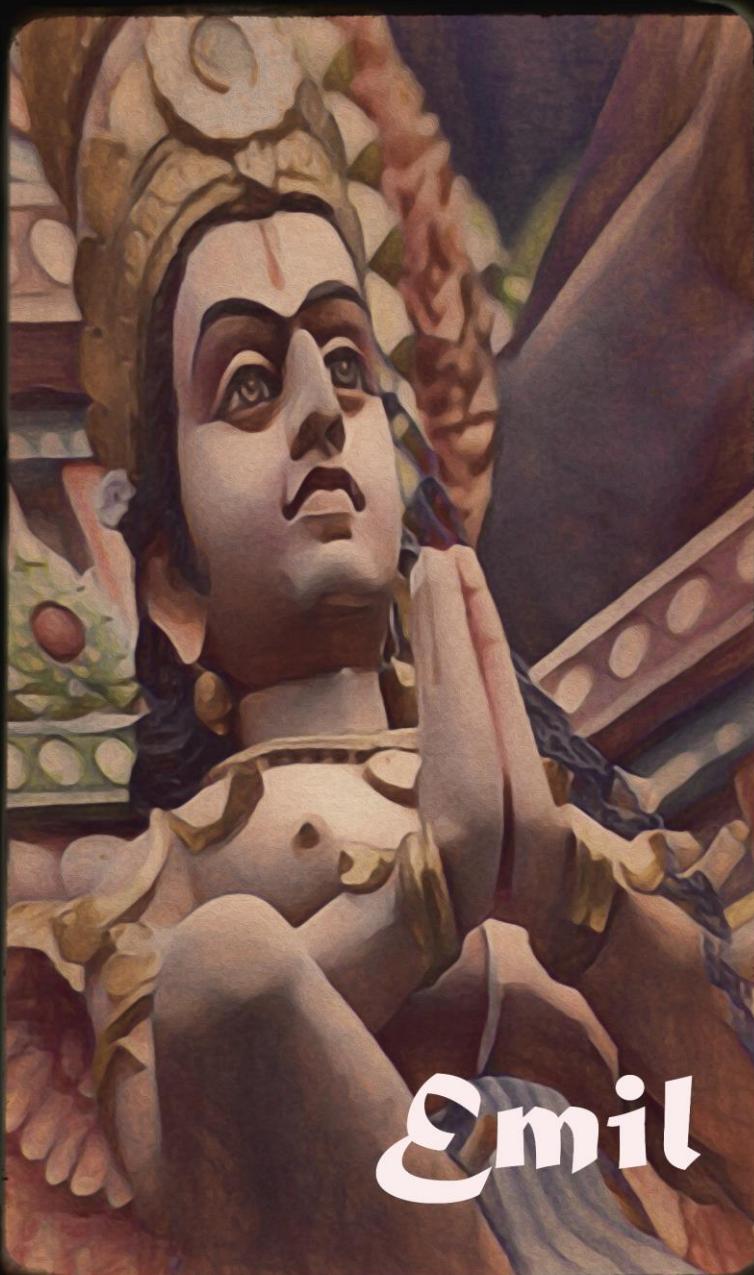
their mattresses and the only place where you can cash them in is at is
your local bank...

If you follow me so far, then you can imagine how long the lines are here in Khajuraho with it's one and only bank.

So... I hold my ten and five ruby coins as they were a rare treasure (which they currently are).

Luckily everything is super cheap here as long as you don't look English or any variation of rich tourist. luckily, I have never had the problem of being mistaken as a rich tourist.

This has, at least, help me get a more local price and it helps to have coinage instead of 100 ruby notes.



IN KHAJURAHO...ON THE CHEAP...

Still there is the real problem of what to do with those eight shinny 100 ruby notes weathering away in my jean's pocket.

I know...go to the bank...
cash them in...Bubba!

Did you see the length of that line?

I am telling you, there ain't no cutting to the front of the line in this culture, especially for some hobo looking vagabond...to do so would not be wise nor healthy either!

I originally thought about getting one of those rich, Chinese Tourists that seem to be everywhere in the world...always in massive numbers or one of those politically correct American backpackers to trade me



Emil

IN KHAJURAHO...ON THE CHEAP...

anything for my ruby notes...they have several pawn shops here (a standard institution in any poor part of town...seemingly, everywhere in this world or the next) ...buy something, take it to the pawn shop and trade it for any ruby coinage that I could get...

Easy-Breezy!

Then again, Old Lady Luck remained at home in Tulsa and failed to hear my urgent pleas of assistance here in Khajuraho even though they were blasting the news on CNN, the BBC and even the Korean Home Shopping Network.

Needless to say, I was going to need to think of something fast or figure the quickest way out of town...



Emil

IN KHAJURAHO...ON THE CHEAP...

probably late into the night as to avoid awkward conversations with bellhops or night managers as to where I was going with all my bags at 3:30 AM.

I do (sadly) speak from some experience(s) over the years in these kind of occasions and I will tell you straight out, it never goes well...and if my previous experience were an indicator, I don't think that I care to know what the inside of the local India jail really looks like...

I think, I'll pass on that one too! Just in case, there is a bus that runs down the road to Satna or at least up to Highway 75 and from there I could disappear again into the mass of humanity squatting around

Bamitha.



Emil

IN KHAJURAHO...ON THE CHEAP...

The only problem is that it would cost me about 140 rubies to make it that far and, the local bus driver's union is not well known for their generosity and letting you ride today on the promise you will pay them next Tuesday.

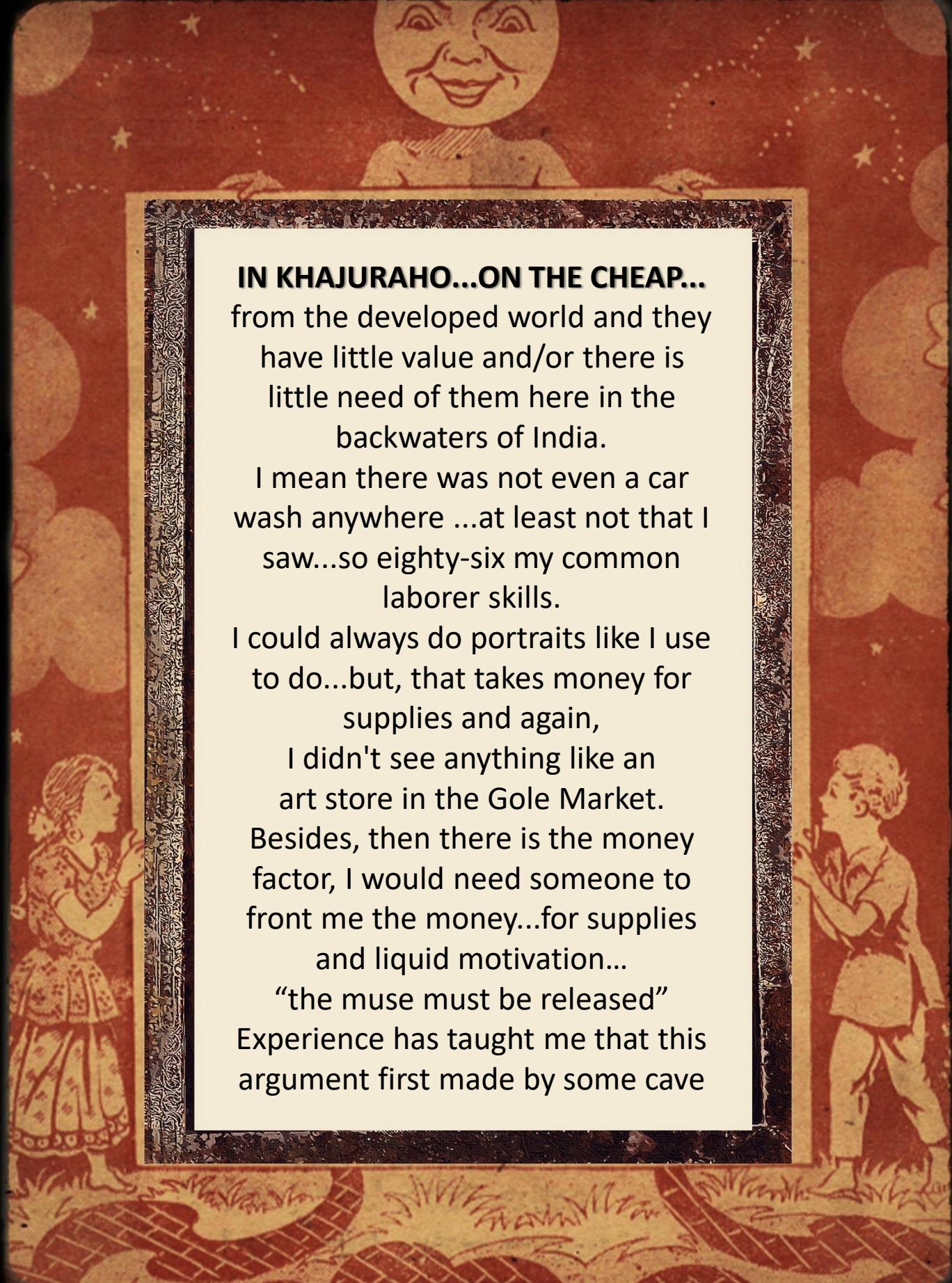
So, the reality was that I had to do something to restore my cash flow and to more or less do it in a legal way as I was too far into India and the borders were quite a way from here to cut and run.

What skills do I have that would be in demand here or that people would be willing to pay me under the table?

Seriously, nothing was coming to mind as most of my skill set(s) are



Emil



IN KHAJURAHO...ON THE CHEAP...
from the developed world and they
have little value and/or there is
little need of them here in the
backwaters of India.

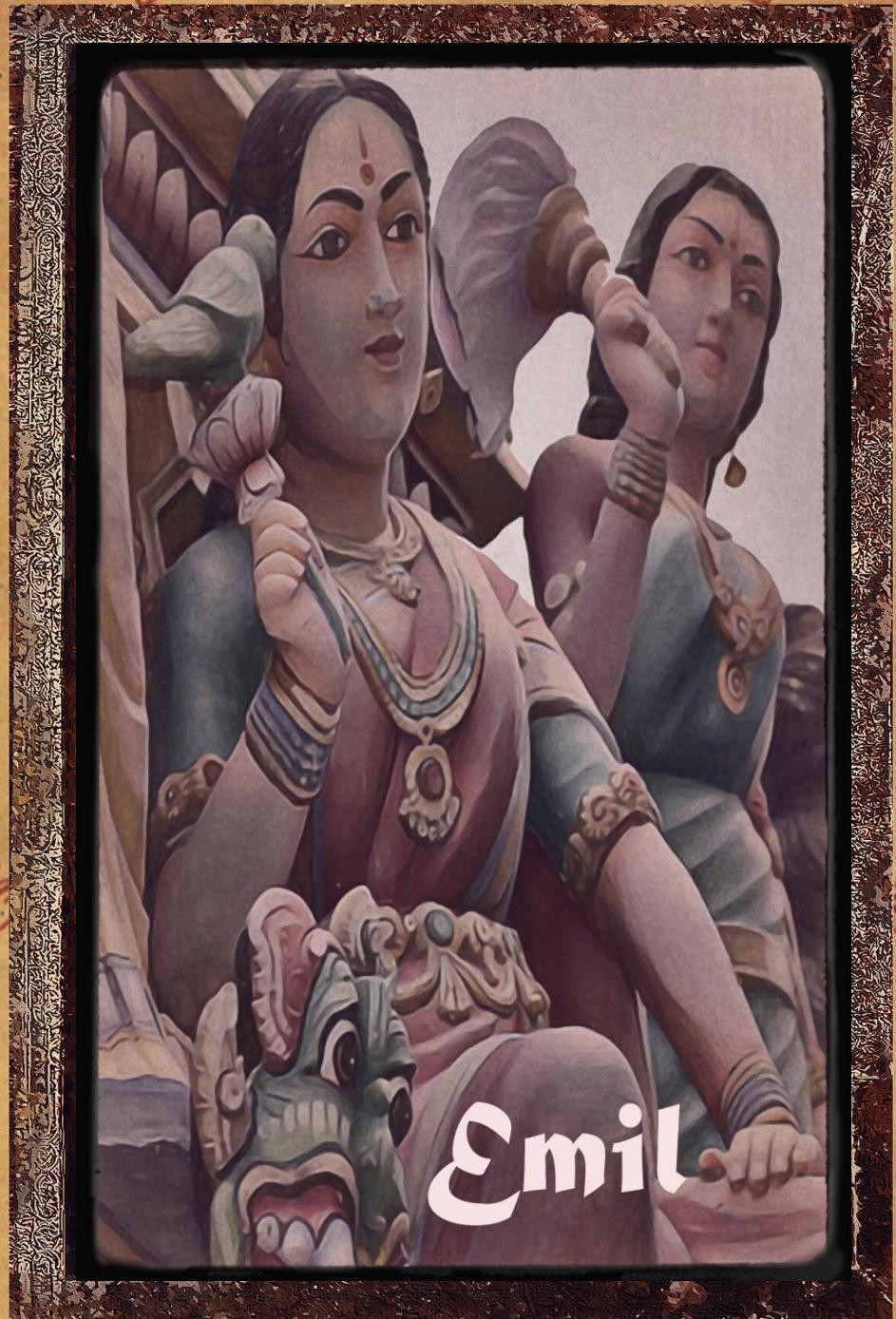
I mean there was not even a car
wash anywhere ...at least not that I
saw...so eighty-six my common
laborer skills.

I could always do portraits like I use
to do...but, that takes money for
supplies and again,

I didn't see anything like an
art store in the Gole Market.

Besides, then there is the money
factor, I would need someone to
front me the money...for supplies
and liquid motivation...

“the muse must be released”
Experience has taught me that this
argument first made by some cave



Emil

IN KHAJURAHO...ON THE CHEAP...

painter in Southern France back about 40,000 BCE and even today, it was good for at least a couple drinks nightly.

Still, I splurged 10 of my valuable rubies on a rickshaw down to restaurant row...walking up and down from venue to venue, going in with my best gift of the gab and tried to offer my services...

Who would have figured...

They have the internet there, too!

When I first walked in, there seemed some interest but, when they went back to their office and Googled my name...read about all the nastiness around my last book, the law suits and picketing by both angels and demons (sometimes jointly...)



Emil

IN KHAJURAHO...ON THE CHEAP...

Who would have ever thought that I had the power to bring heaven and hell together in common cause...to be truthful...I am rather proud of that and they would (sometimes nicely...sometimes not) show me to the door while expressing their wish that I never visit their venue ever again...not even as a customer.

You would have been proud to see my mastery of my job seeking skills...

I didn't accept that rejection as a solid "NO" so I countered it by arguing that this was India... "you have 100s of Gods (each of whom, I have never insulted...no restraining orders here...thank you!)" and quickly added to my



Emil

IN KHAJURAHO...ON THE CHEAP...

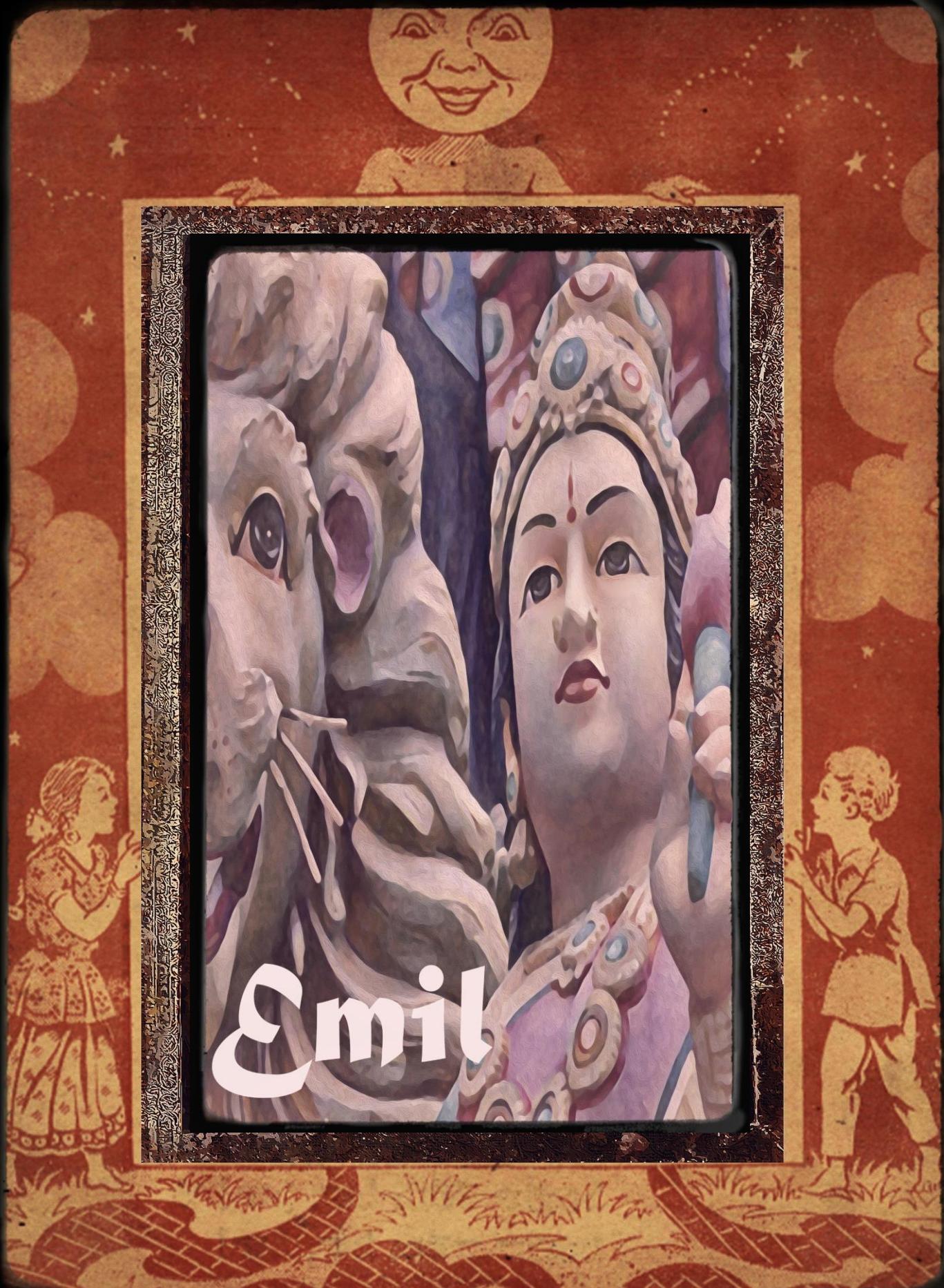
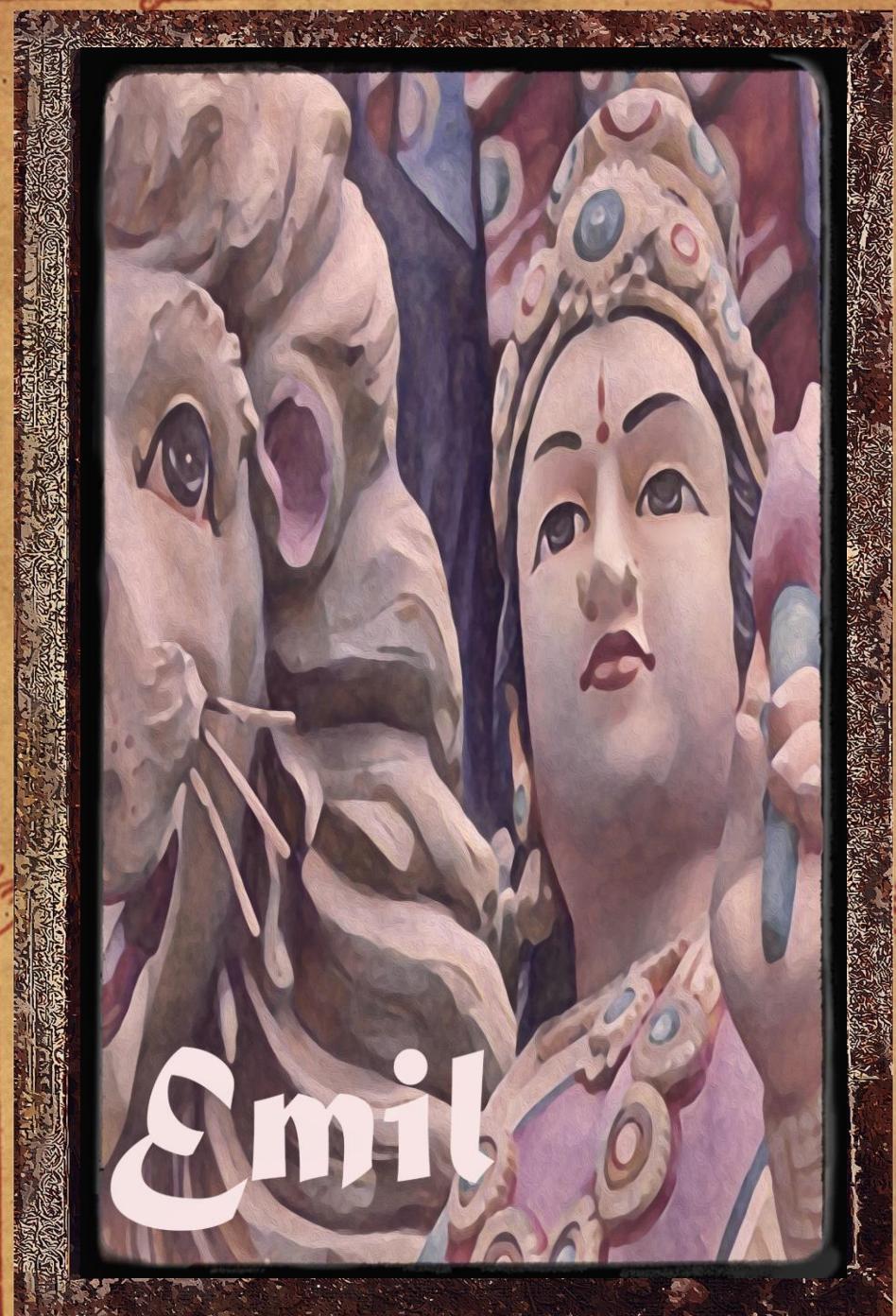
argument "truthfully, when was the last time you had an angel here at the bar?"

I then smiled and proudly said "I thought so" but, before I could close the deal...everything would go sidewayz again and there was more than a little polite talk about getting the law if I didn't leave now.

At this point, I knew it was time to cut the loss, I proudly walked out and went down the street to try the next local venue...from the Blue Sky over to the Mediterraneo and even the cut rate, Bella Italia...and even to the market stalls surrounding or

on Downing Street.

After a long night of trying to explain to the hostel's night manager that someone had stolen



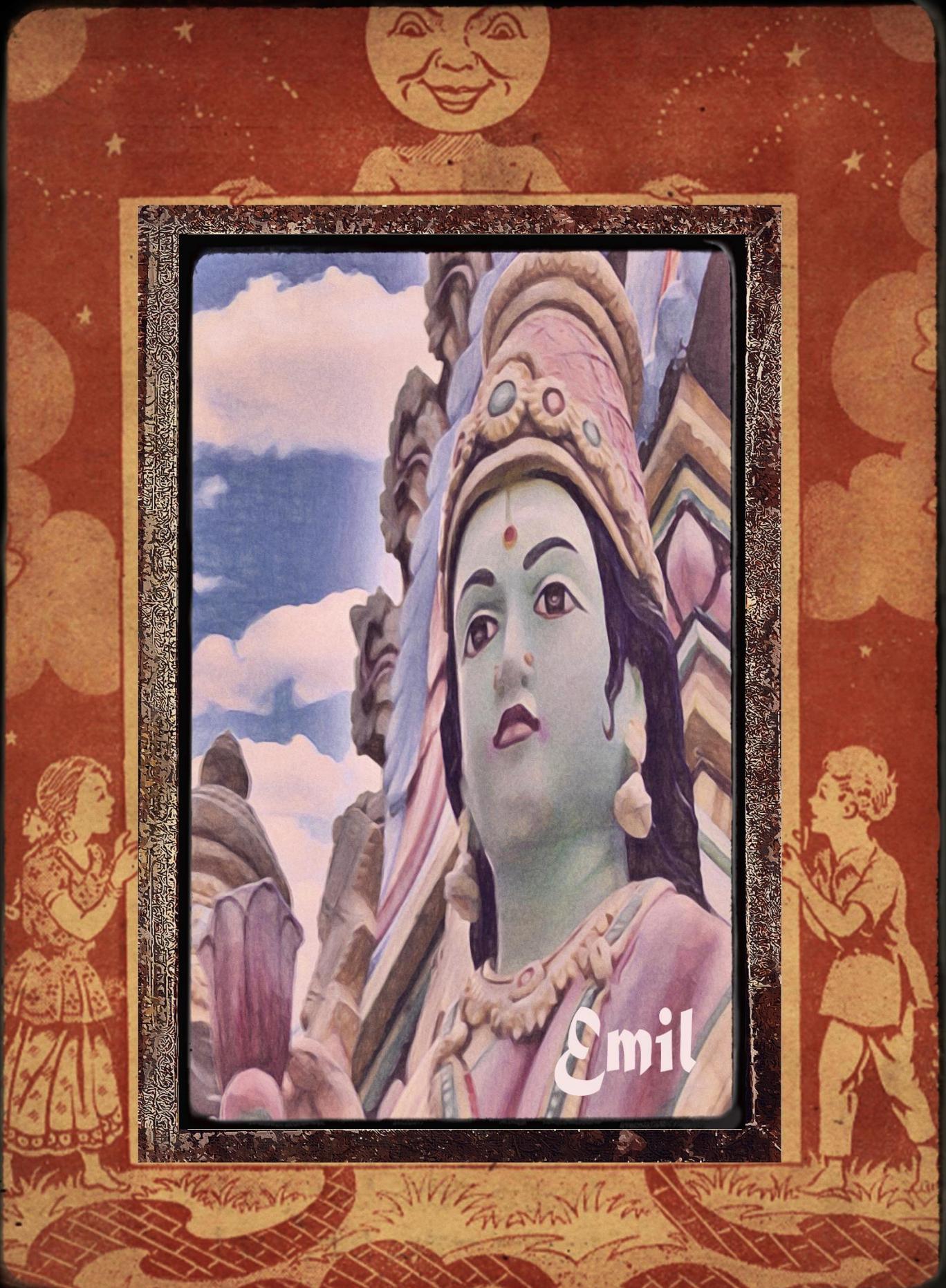
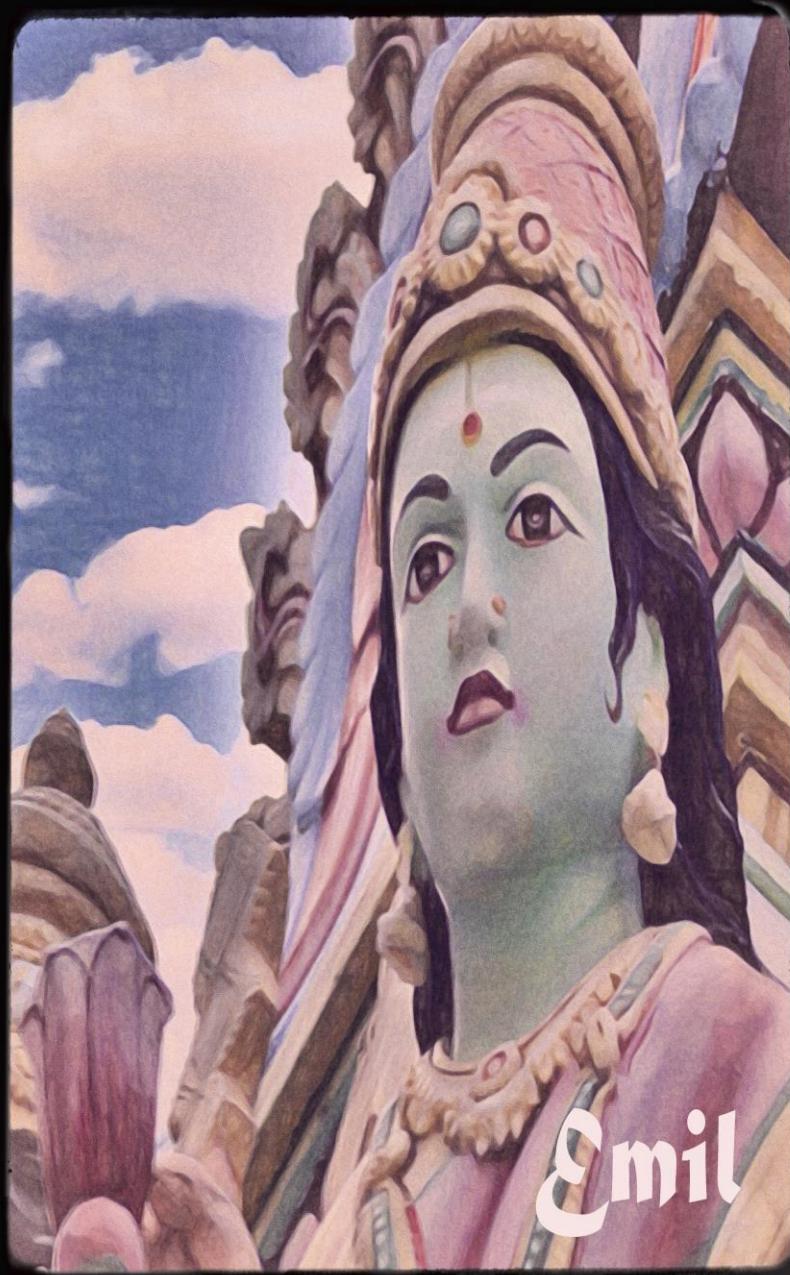
IN KHAJURAHO...ON THE CHEAP...

my spot in line at the bank but, that
I would be going out early...
Maybe, like really early...
like at 4 AM...

Just want to get back in line to cash
in my 100 ruby notes.

After a long restless night with the
bellhop stationed outside my room
all night...appears that I am not the
first deadbeat that they have had to
deal with, I made my mind up to
bite the bullet and with dawn, I
walked down to the local post office
and sent a telex to Seine and Mister
Chucky explaining in 250 characters
the misunderstanding over my
disappearance from the book tour...

“Damn that OMAR!\$#&!”
I strongly reminded them that they
did hire a bandit and that anything



IN KHAJURAHO...ON THE CHEAP...

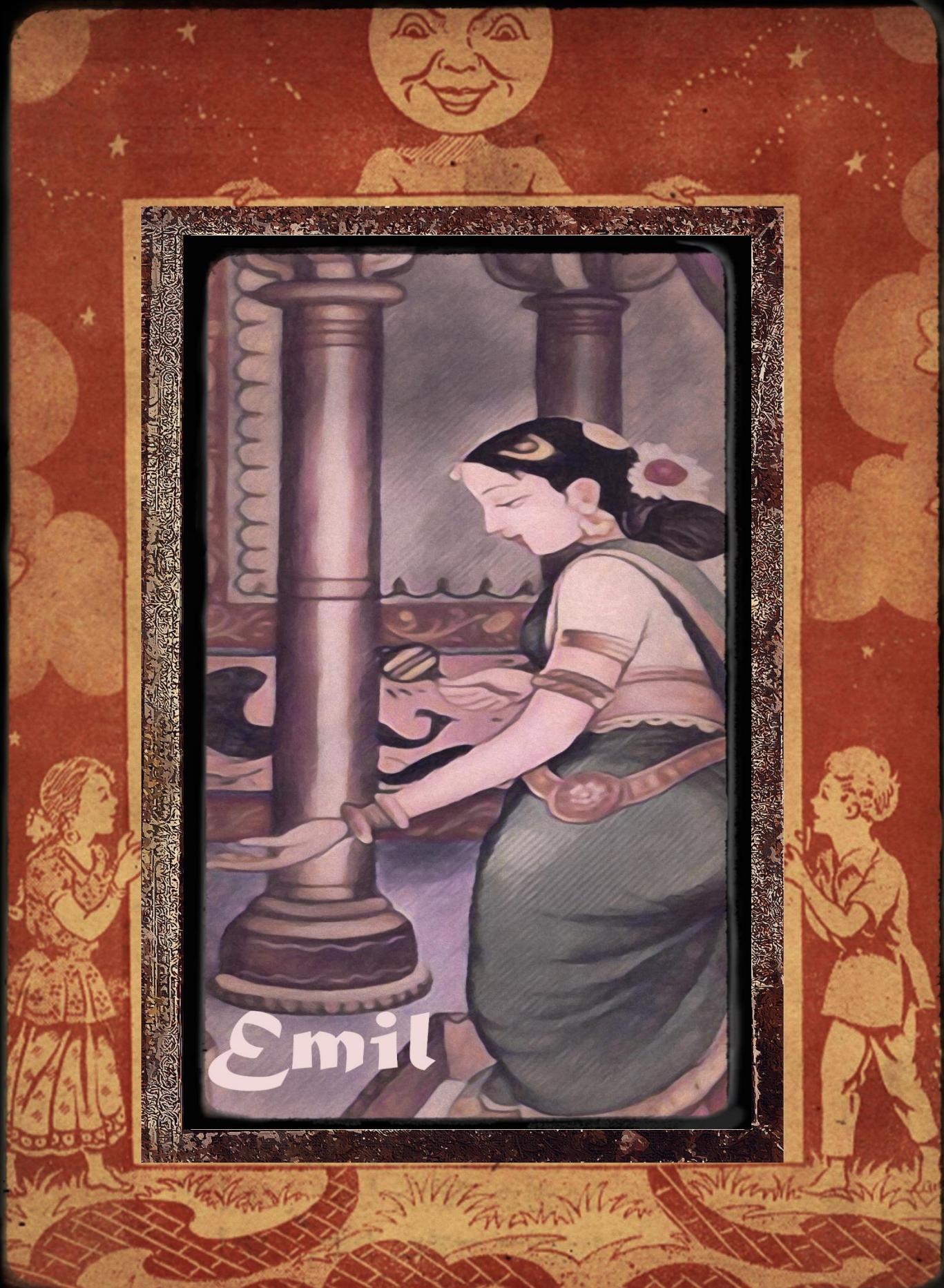
he said was suspect due to that fact alone...

“Did I mention, he is a bandit?”

I truly hated throwing old Omar under the wheels of the tour bus but, desperate time, you know!

Explained that I was in India exploring temples (there were a couple here but, I hadn't had the funds to pay the 20 ruby entrance fee) and was exploring alternatives to my eternal retirement plans with Hinduism (one of the few religions that I had not (yet) offended.

Told them that I was already at work on the new book but, was in need of logistical funds for research and to pay local officials “Tea” Money to get access...same old BS that I usually gave them.



IN KHAJURAHO...ON THE CHEAP...

An hour later...after a really long wait outside of post office on a hard bench with no shade, they bought

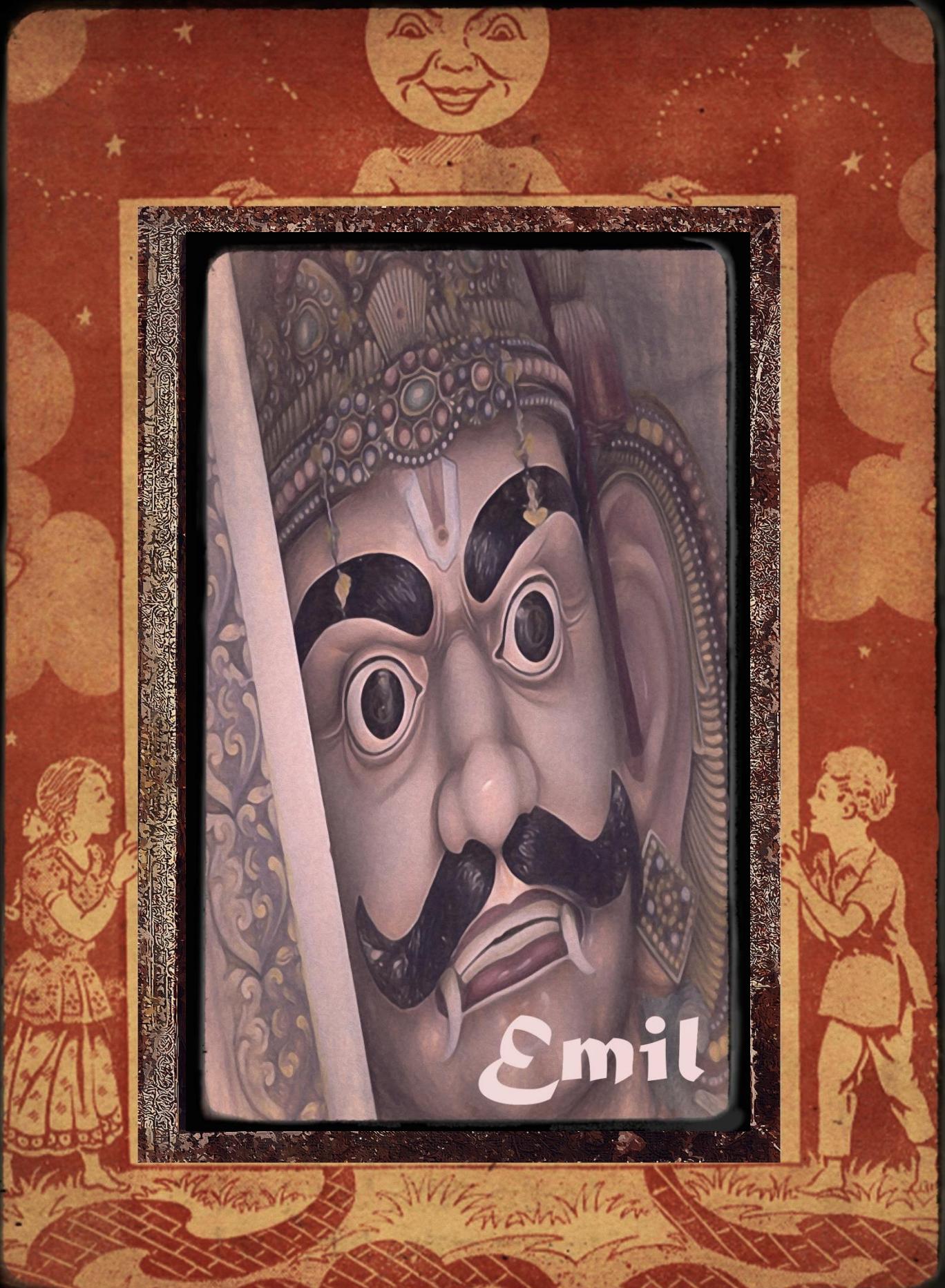
it...Seine said that it was a great follow up and that all was forgiven (if I produced something that he could sell) and less than two hours

later, they had wired me a big enough advance that I could check out the rude hostel and into the grand Hotel Harmony with it's lovely, courtside café and I ordered a deluxe pizza (no yak cheese here!) thanks to those great guys from

WWWG Productions!

Going to the Temple...gonna find a new way and a different kind of heaven...and after visiting a temple or two...

I was interested!



IN KHAJURAHO...ON THE CHEAP...

Ever been to one of these temples?

They are full of extremely

“X” Rated statues.

YUP!

That got my attention - although, the backwards thinking at WWWG

and the cadre of old, grumpy socialist accountants (All of them, communists really) would never allow Seine to print that book not even in brail as I recommended as a means to bypass the censors in

Singapore and by the way to aggressively explore new market demographics...

-2018

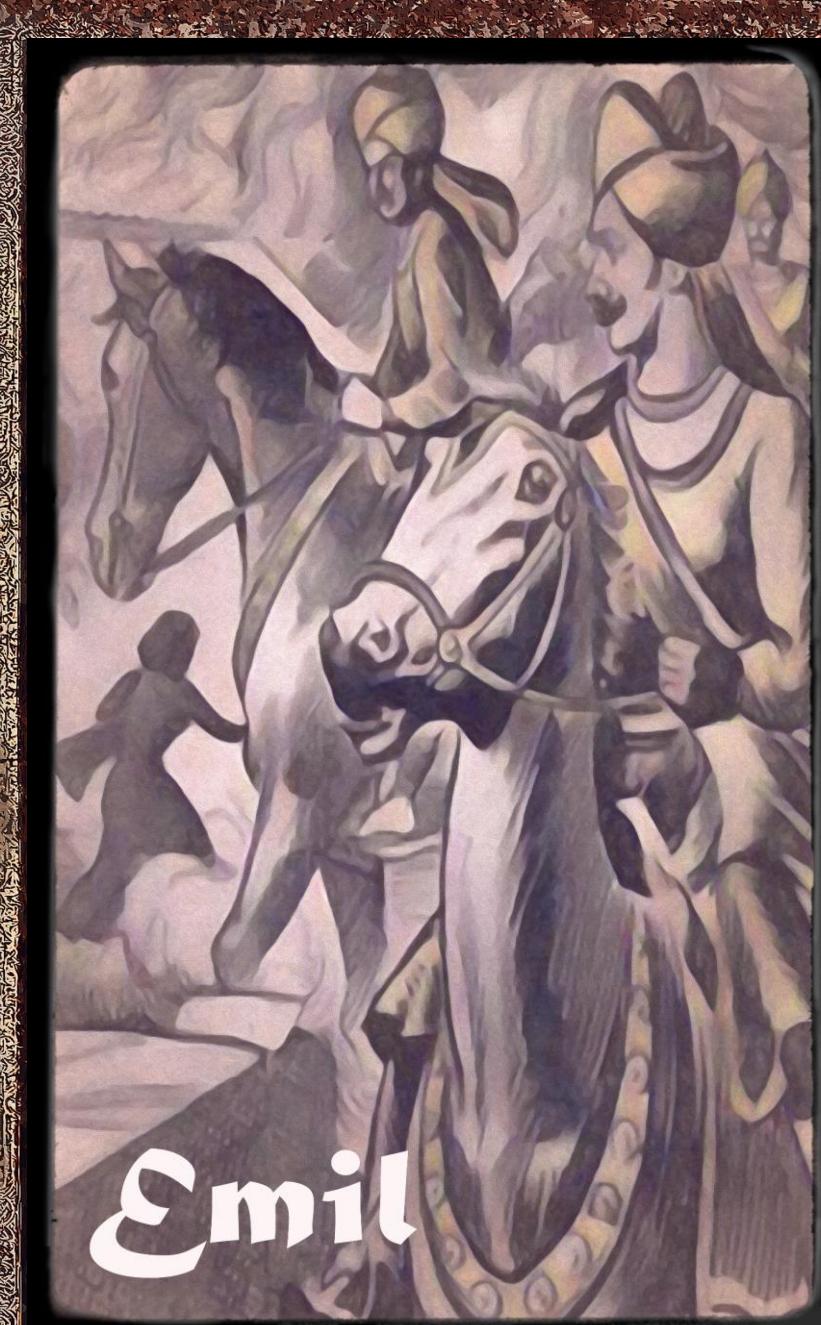


Emil

POUNDERING ON A THOUGHT

We live in an age of opposites, we celebrate, we relish in our inability to say what we truly mean, we live in a gilded age where truth is replaced by a collective, hive-like group think that calls truth fake and swears upon the fake as being the solemn truth from God's Mouth to our collective ears...that is if they believed in God (which many if not most now do not).

In this new age, there is a struggle by a growing cadre of young WOKE Cultural Warriors who are in the process of establishing their vision(s) of

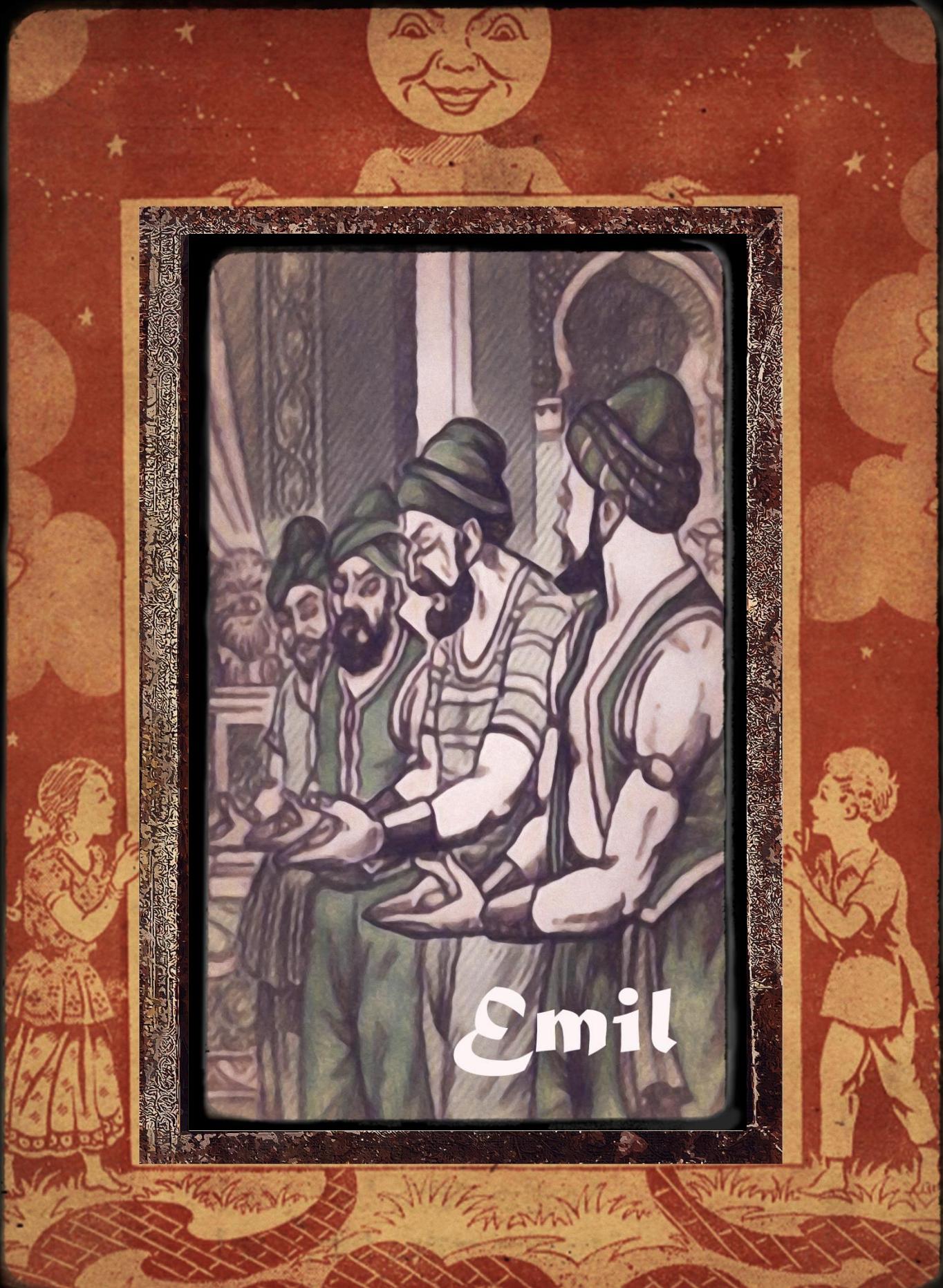


Emil

POUNDERING ON A THOUGHT

a most pristine world where they will sit in judgement of all our “PC” Sins as the defacto Jesuits for their New World Order of Collective WOKEISM and the rest of us who seek a return to a time when a person’s words, their actual deeds determined their true character instead of WOKE Jesuits who insist upon value by their own definition of what true diversity means.

The justice of that better world for which we fought, we gave so much in blood and tears to achieve is now, cast aside by this younger generation not



POUNDERING ON A THOUGHT

because it was a universal lie,
a corrupt ponize scheme by
the puppet masters and their
hordes socialist accountants
and lawyers but only because
it is no longer worth
considering due to the simple
fact that the WOKE Elitists no
longer think that is
fashionable to do or more
likely, is because it doesn't poll
high enough amongst some
focus group of random
diversity.

In this new age, these WOKE
Jesuits loudly proclaim from
their command bunker
bungalows buried deeply in



Emil

POUNDERING ON A THOUGHT

the safety of their mom's downstairs' basement that our past is/was evil, racist and unpure (didn't the Nazis once use that same terminology?) and which urgently needs to be purged by casting it out into the wilderness outside of all decent WOKE Society and left there to die a well deserved death silent and forgotten. While, many of us who are not willing to merely see the world we built to go off into the silence of the night, I hear many of them talk in whispers with such bitter terms over the foliates of all these misguided,



Emil

POUNDERING ON A THOUGHT

not properly educated rubes;
openly, I hear the voices who
are now calling upon the better
angels in each of us to step up
and duly reclaim our true
mantle in our society's
stewardship by rising up
against these upstart Young
Turks, these WOKE Punk Mobs,
to take on their handlers and
to put them on notice, send
the message out to all of our
generation who have given into
the mobs out of greed,
corruption or massive amounts
of easy money that have been
offered to sell out the nation.



Emil

POUNDERING ON A THOUGHT

The last time that I saw this divide was way over a hundred or more years ago, when there was an a similar, a equally deep chasm between generations and divided forces...the subject(s) of the argument granted were different then but, it was every bit as bitter with no one being able to find a remaining middle path.

This inability to reason or agree to disagree lead to the bloodiest conflict in the history of the American Nation...

Are we reaching that point?
It isn't up to me to say as I am removed, a mere bit player...



Emil



Emil



Emil



Emil

A MIDNIGHT PASSAGE

On a faithful midnight crossing, the old ferryman demanded double his normal fee of a silver coin...something about overtime and union regulations for working over 8 hours per day...but, I really wasn't listening and I needed to get to Hades before any of my rivals... So I paid and told him to get the ferry moving post haste...

No time to gibber jabber...but, I did ask him where was a good place to stay and he did recommend several places and I focused on how to best twist/spin my deeds with what I remembered from school and my readings of Milton and TS Elliot...

“Now serving sinner D-37 at Demon Window number four...”



Emil

A MIDNIGHT PASSAGE

"You are looking for what?"

"You need what?"

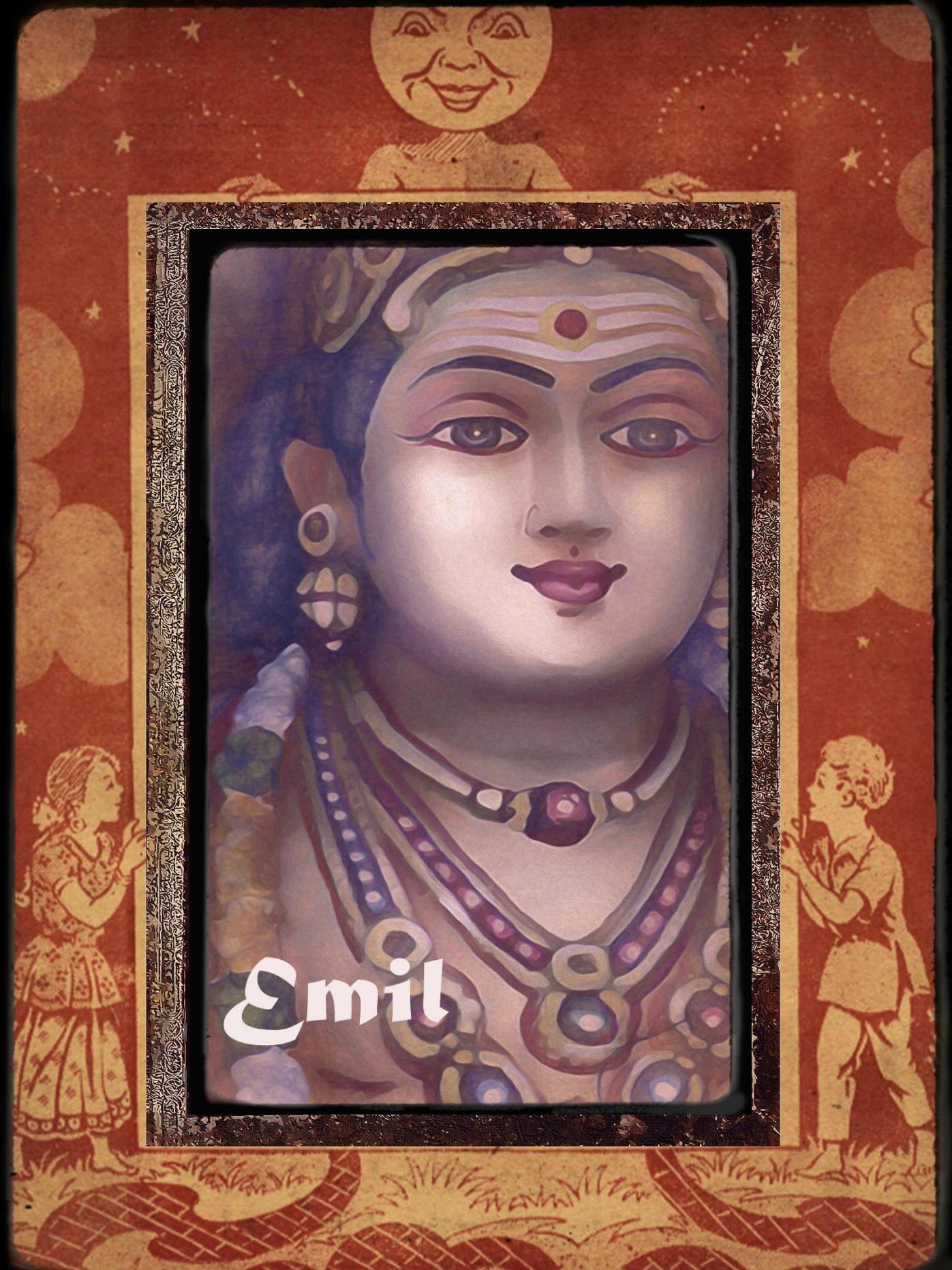
"That is not how this place works,
bubba!"

"There is a reason they call this
Hades...You think?"

"Get back in line and wait to be
processed like all of the rest of evil
doers...the line starts about a mile
back there...did you bring anything
to read...the wait times can be
forever..."

"OH! Wait? You aren't a mass
murderer or like some kind of
military general are you?"

"Naw! Lawyers don't count...you
guys are a dime a dozen...but, we
do have a special need for dictators,
tyrants or Republication Party
Leaders..."



Emil

A MIDNIGHT PASSAGE

"Yea! they are fast tracked into middle level management because of all their previous experience(s)...Sorry Bubba!"

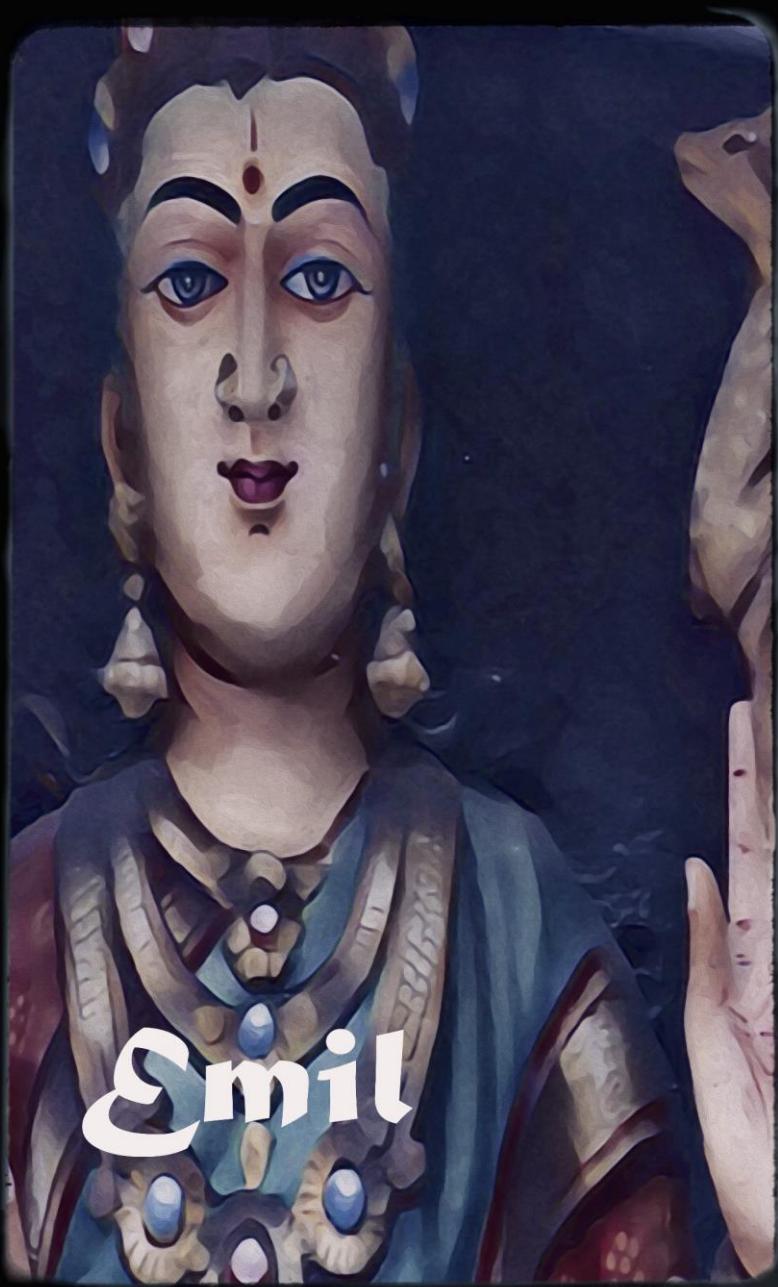
"Now, get your a** to the back of the line..."

"Now serving sinner D-38 at Demon Window number four..."

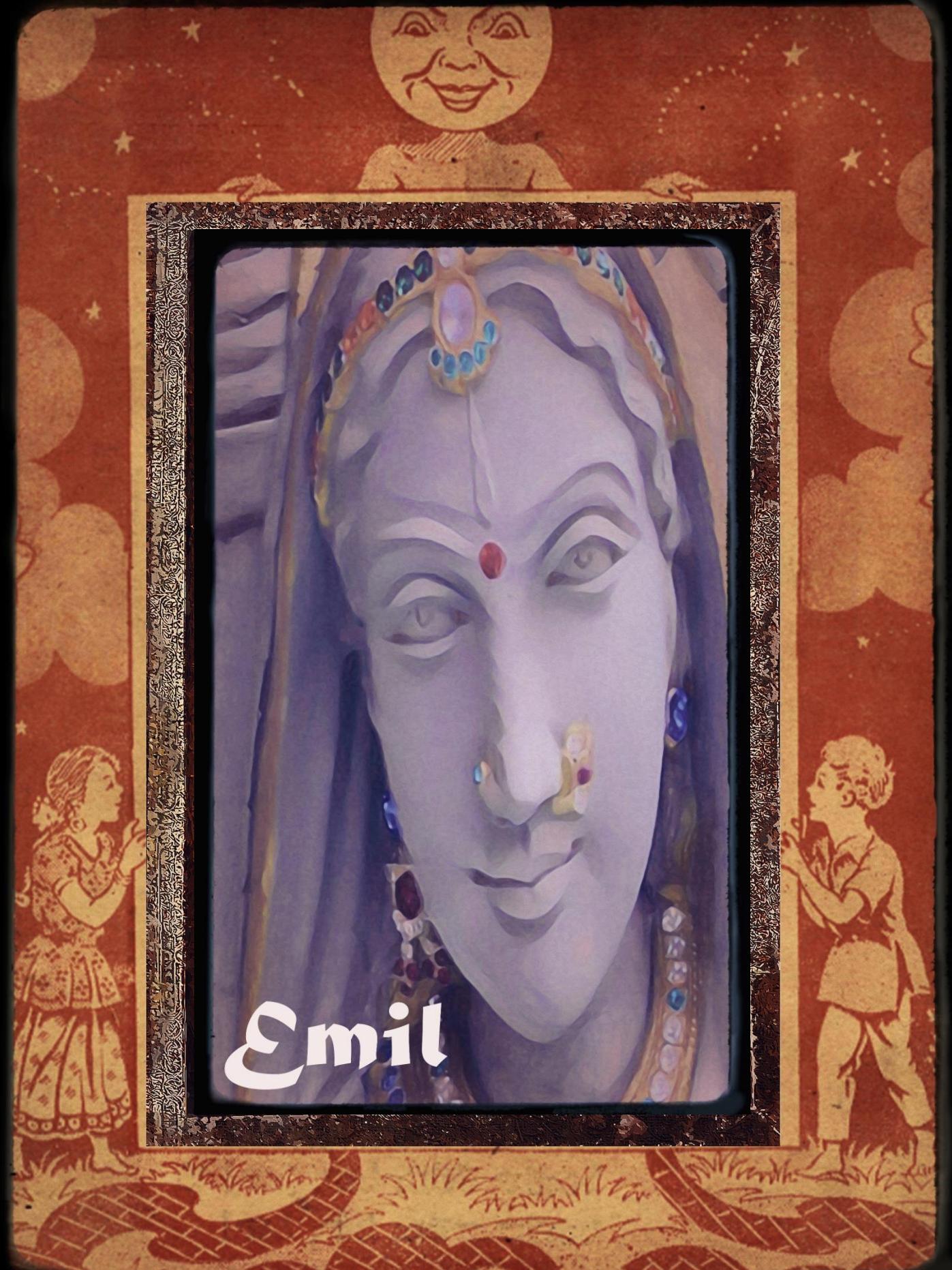
Disheartened, frustrated by such this rude, Deep State Administrative Clerk's dismissive attitude; I turned away for the long hike back to the end of the line, then...I overhead...

"What you mean...you forgot your paperwork, bubba? NEXT!"

"Now serving sinner D-39 at Demon Window number four..."



Emil



Emil

Emil



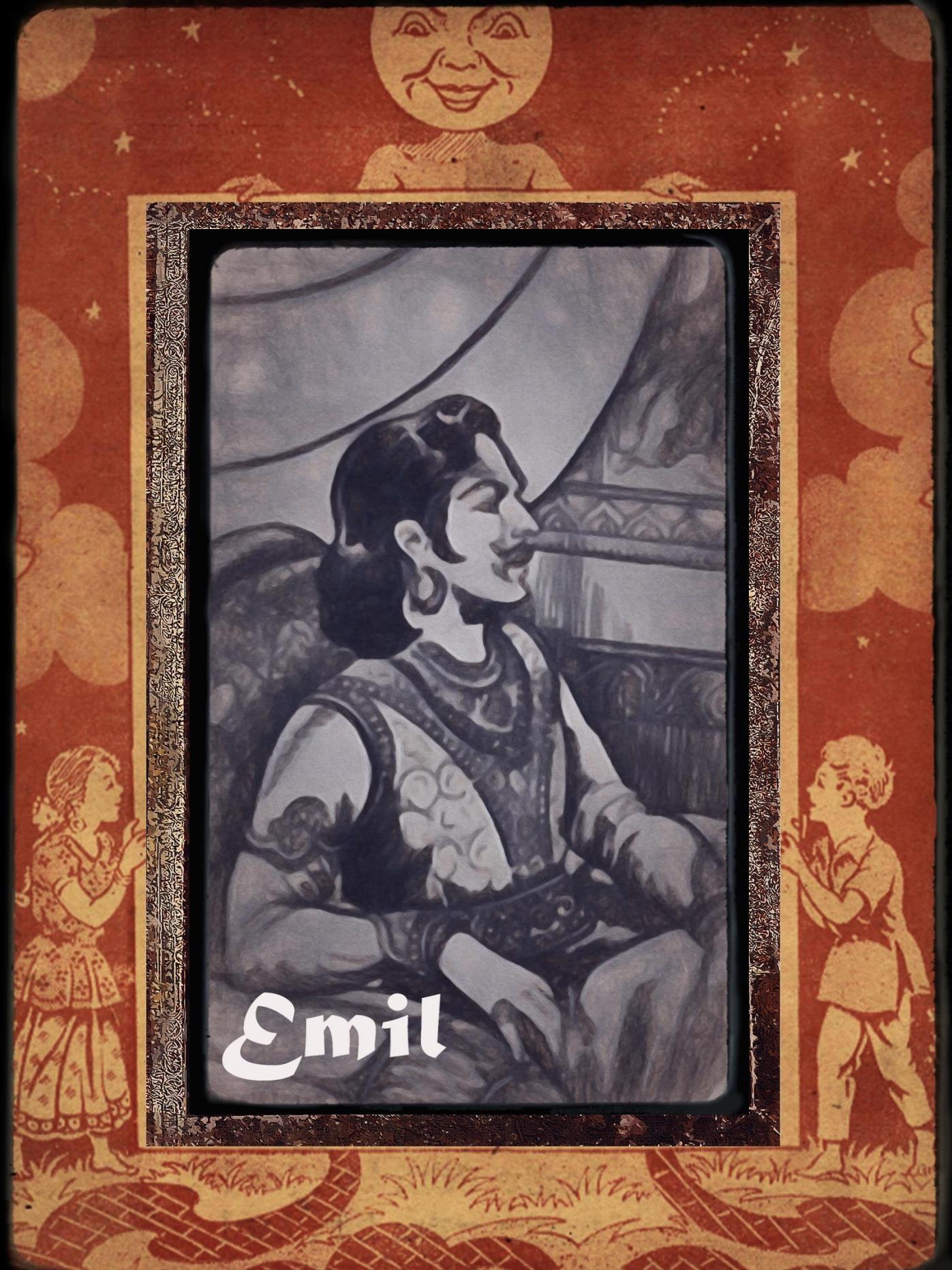
“WHAT IS THERE TO SAY?”

I truly was lost for not only the proper words but, for any words at all. The events of this new age have zapped me of my ability to process thoughts or untether from the sheer emotion(s) of what we all have been through.

The 2020 was forewarned that it was going to be a demon year, few if any actually took heed and those with the foresight to see the gathering storm were ridiculed, cast out of normal, polite conversation with sneering calls to

“Hey! Fool go return, go jump back into your 2000 Bunker, Bubba...!”

There were not many a Winston Churchill that would, at least proclaim their open fears for just the same reason Winnie had



Emil

“WHAT IS THERE TO SAY?”

wished many times (in the 1930's) that he would have just keep his fears about Germany more to himself.

Too much has happened and the events of this year are still way too raw to try and process – I will leave that to history's judgement.

Little that I can say would be what has not already been assigned to others and that would seem very Joe Biden of me to elude to as my own creative thoughts; so, I won't! As the tallies of the extent of these events are still uncounted and still missorted; it is still too early to grasp how close we actually came to the collapse of modern civilization.



“WHAT IS THERE TO SAY?”

It is still not for us of this time to write the history by I am merely here to properly document as it occurs with the hope that future readers will be able to sort out what we cannot now see clearly. The confusion, the panic that swept through the community was a very slow burn of random titbits buried in between the worldwide, the non-stop coverage of the upcoming political election in America and then, screen after screen was filled with unknown experts, strange officials all saying “Don’t Worry! As the common flu or even slips in the bathtub were far more deadly” to finally, “We are locking everything down, lock yourself up in your



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“WHAT IS THERE TO SAY?”

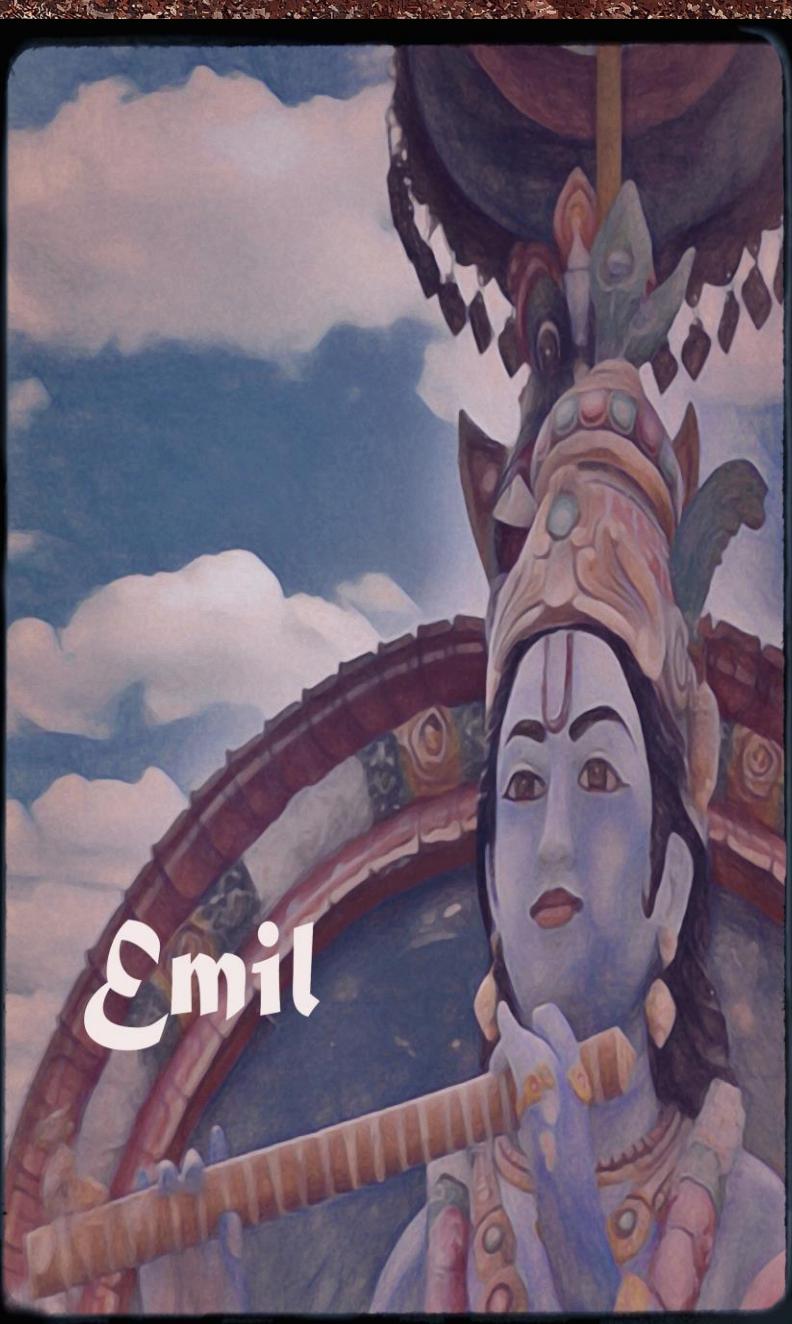
home and by the grace of God, we shall win this war!”

All the while, most demised the coming storm as...

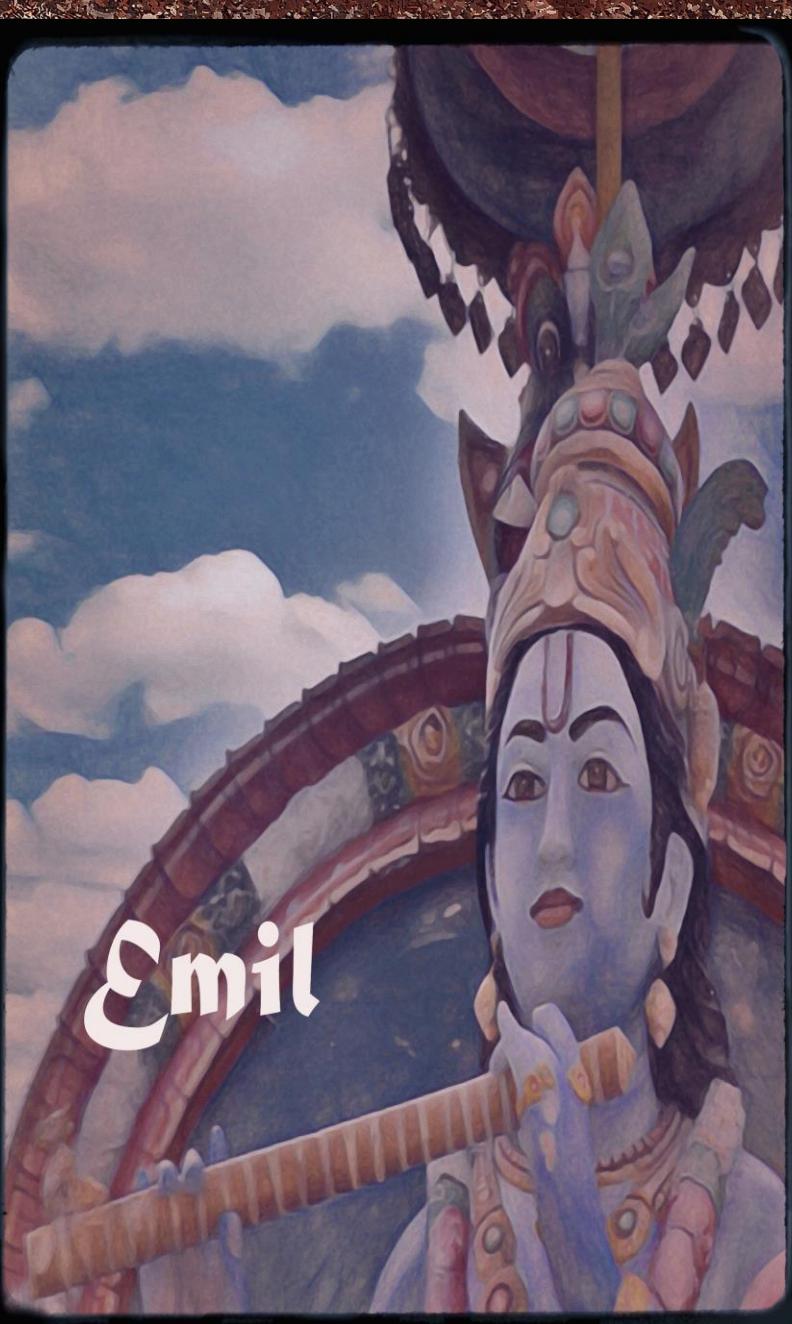
“Oh, that weird thing happening thousands of miles away from us...No concern here...How about that Laker’s Game last night...did you see it?”

Looking back, how jaded we had become in our insulation from the events of the world...

I remember (I think back in the Bill Clinton years) we were warned that when a factory worker in a Wuhan Industrial Park sneezes, the world will catch a cold...” and now, I see how true this was and on how many levels it came untimely came true...



Emil



“WHAT IS THERE TO SAY?”

Even in that, there was a sense of buried truth, an utter correct prophecy of what truly was to (a generation later) fall upon us, to swiftly swoop in while washing over us as a breaking, riptide way then, crashing down upon us and our society without so little fanfare. Need to go as the curfew is almost upon us and we need to be home before sunset...there is still much that needs to be done to restore just common order little alone any effort to collectively march us back from wench we did came...there is none left to take the lead and turn this ship back from the iceberg.

Good Luck...

Be **SAFE** my friends!



Emil

Emil West

7 mins

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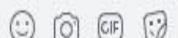
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About EMIL WEST

Welcome to all fans (all five or so of you) of Emil's doodles and we hope you will enjoy this new catalog of Emil's available art.

Emil had other ideas as to what the title should be and even though they were clever and not without merit, Charles (WWWS) Financial Guru won the final selection with the argument that we might create a new market for [Read more](#)

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Emil the artist

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Emil the artist is at University of Yangon.

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Paisaje y Figuras: Emil Whispers Braques' Secret Geometry

Of course, Seine already noted that and he and the other elitist bozos at WWWG never let me forget that I am not a product of a classical education but, rather a public school education.

So I never studied Geometry little alone Secret Geometry and that has been a high wall that conspires to prevent me from getting it and by extension of replicating it in my multi-generational attempts to be the New Age Braque- but, at ... [See More](#)

The post includes a photo of Emil the artist sitting at a table with a meal and a drink. To the right of the photo is a quote: "The Days are long and filled with pain..." followed by the word "Emil" in a large, stylized font. Below that, it says "Expo Singapore 2020 9th Street Gallery 20 – 28 Jan. 2020" and "WWWG Productions Ltd. Singapore All Rights Reserved".

<https://www.facebook.com/Emil.the.artist/>